

E010321

HOMER

translated by Geo: Chapman

Volume the Fifth



The CROWNE of ALL
HOMER'S WORKES
BATRACHOMYOMACHIA
or the Battaile of Frogs and Mīse
HIS HYMNS & EPIGRAMS
TRANSLATED ACCORDING TO THE
ORIGINALL BY GEORGE CHAPMAN



OXFORD NEWLY PRINTED AT THE
SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS SAINT
ALDATES AND PUBLISHED FOR
THE PRESS BY BASIL BLACKWELL
BROAD STREET MDCCCCXXI

FOUR HUNDRED AND FIFTY COPIES OF THIS
EDITION, FOUR HUNDRED AND TWENTY OF
WHICH ARE FOR SALE, HAVE BEEN PRINTED IN
ENGLAND AT THE SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS
SAINT ALDATES IN THE CITY OF OXFORD AND
TEN COPIES HAVE BEEN PRINTED ON VELLUM

THE CONTENTS OF THE FIFTH VOLUME

THE CROWNE OF ALL HOMERS WORKES

From the Original Edition in folio, printed about 1624

The Epistle Dedicatorie to the Earle of Somerset xi

The occasion of this Impos'd Crowne xvi

BATRAXOMYOMAXIA i

AL THE HYMNES OF HOMER

An Hymne to Apollo 18

A Hymne to Hermes 46

A Hymne to Venus 80

To the same 97

Bacchus, or The Pyrats 99

To Mars 103

To Diana 105

To Venus 106

To Pallas 107

To Juno 108

To Ceres 109

To the Mother of the Gods 110

To Lyon-hearted Hercules 111

To Æsculapius 112

To Castor and Pollux 113

To Mercurie 114

To Pan 115

To Vulcan 118

To Pœbus 119

To Neptune NAWAB SALAR JUNG BAHADUR 120

To Jove 121

To Vesta	122
To the Muses and Apollo	123
To Bacchus	124
To Diana	125
To Pallas	127
To Vesta, and Mercurie	128
To Earth the Mother of all	130
To the Sun	132
To the Moone	134
To Castor and Pollux	135
To Men of Hospitalitie	136

CERTAINE EPIGRAMMS AND OTHER POEMS OF HOMER

To Cuma	138
In His Returne To Cuma	139
Upon the Sepulcher of Midus	140
Cuma Refusing his Offer t'Eternise their State	141
An Assaie of His Begunne Iliads	143
To Thestors Sonne Inquisitive of Homer	144
To Neptune	145
To the Cittie Erythræa	146
To Mariners	147
The Pine	148
To Glaucus who was so Miserable, sparing,	149
Against the Samian Ministresse or Nunne	150
Written on the Counsaile Chamber	151
The Fornace Call'd in to Sing by Potters	152
Eiresione or The Olive Branch	154
To Certaine Fisher-Boyes	155

THE CONTENTS

ix

<i>The Worke that I was borne to doe, is done</i>	156
<i>Supplico tibi Domine, Pater et Dux rationis nostræ</i>	159

ACHILLES SHIELD Translated out of the Eighteenth booke of Homers Iliades From the Quarto printed in 1598

The Epistle Dedicatorie to the Earle Marshall	163
To the understander	170
Achilles Shield	173
To my admired and soule-loved friend M Harriots	184

THREE DEDICATORIE SONNETS From Homer Prince of Poets in twelve Bookes of his Iliads, printed in folio without a date, circa 1609

To the Ladie Arbella	190
To the accomplisht Lord Wotton	191
To the Earle of Arundell	192

A BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE ON THE SEVERAL EDITIONS OF CHAPMAN'S HOMER 193

TO MY EVER MOST-WORTHIE-TO-
BE-MOST HONOR'D LORD, THE
EARLE OF SOMERSET, &c

NOT FORC'T BY FORTUNE, BUT
SINCE YOUR FREE MINDE
(MADE BY AFFLICTION)
RESTS IN CHOICE RESIGN'D

*To calme Retreat, laid quite beneath the winde
Of Grace, and Glory I well know, my Lord,
You would not be entil'd to a word
That might a thought remove from your Repose,
To thunder and spit Flames, as Greatnesse does, }
For all the Trumps, that still tell where he goes }
Of which Trumps, Dedication being One,
Me thinks I see you start to heare it blowne*

*But this is no such Trump as summons Lords,
Gainst envies steele, to draw their leaden swords,
Or gainst Hare-lipt Detraction, Contempt,
All which, from all Resistance stand exempt,
It being as hard to sever Wrong from Merit,
As meate-indude, from blood, or blood from spirit
Nor in the spirits Chariot rides the soule
In bodies chaste, with more divine controule,
Nor virtue shines more in a lovely Face,
Then true desert, is stuck off with Disgrace
And therefore truth it selfe that had to blesse
The merit of it all, Almightynesse,
Would not protect it, from the Bane and Ban
Of all Moodes most distraught, and Stygian,
As counting it the Crowne of all Desert,*

THE EPISTLE

Borne to Heaven, to take of Earth, no part
 Offalse Joy here, for Joyes-there-endlesse troth,
 Nor sell his Birthright for a messe of Broth
 But stay and still sustaine, and his Blisse bring,
 Like to the hatching of the Black-thornes spring,
 With bitter frosts, and smarting haile-stormes forth,
 Fates love Bees labors, onely Paine crownes Worth
 This Dedication calls no Greatnes then,
 To patrone this Greatnes-creating Penn,
 Nor you to add to your dead calme a breath,
 For those arm'd Angells, that in spight of death
 Inspir'd those flowrs that wrought this poets wreath }
 Shall keepe it ever, Poesies steepest Starr,
 As, in Earths flaming wals, Heavens sevenfold Carr,
 (From all the wildes of Neptunes watrie sphere)
 For ever guards the Erymanthian Beare

Since then your Lordship, settles in your shade
 A life retir'd, and no Retreate is made
 But to some strength, (for else, tis no Retreate,
 But rudely running from your Battailes beate)
 I give this, as your strength your strength, my Lord,
 In Counsailes and Examples, that afford
 More Guard, then whole Hosts of corporeal powre,
 And more deliverance, teach the fatall Howre

Turne not your medicine then, to your disease, }
 By your too set, and sleight repulse of these,
 The Adjuncts of your matchlesse Odysses, }
 Since on that wisest munde of Man, relies
 Refuge from all Lives Infelicities

Nor sing these, such division from them,
 But that these spinn the thred of the same streame,

From one selfe Distaffs stuff for Poesies Pen
 (Through al theames) is t' informe the lives of Men
 All whose Retreates, neede strengths of all degrees,
 Without which, (had you even Herculean knees,)

Your foes fresh Charges, would, at length prevaile,
 To leave your Noblest suff'rance, no least saile
 Strength then, the Object is of all Retreates,
 Strength needes no friends trust, strength, your foes defeats
 Retire to strength then, of eternall things,
 And y' are eternall, for our knowing Spring's
 Flow into those things that we truely know,
 Which (being Eternall) we are render'd so
 And though your high-fixt Light passe infinite farr
 Th' advicefull Guide, of my still-trembling Starr,
 Yet beare what my discharg'd Peece must foretell,
 Standing your Poore, and Perdue Sentinell
 Kings may perhaps wish, even your Beggars Voice
 To their Eternities, how skorn'd a choice
 Soever, now it lies, And (dead I) may
 Extend your life to lights extreamest Raie
 If not, your Homer yet, past doubt shall make,
 Immortall, like himselfe, your Bounties stake
 Put in my hands, to propagate your Fame,
 Such virtue reigns in such united Name

Retire to him then, for advice, and skill
 To know, things call'd worst, Best, and Best most ill
 Which knowne, truths best chuse, and retire to still
 And as our English Generall, (whose Name
 Shall equall interest finde in T' House of Fame,
 With all Earths great'st Commanders) in Retreat
 To Belgian Gant, stood all Spaines Armies beate,

A simile illustrating the most renowned service of General Norris in his Retreat before Gant never before made sacred to Memory

THE EPISTLE

*By Parma led, though but one thousand strong
 Three miles together thrusting through the throng
 Of Th' Enemies Horse, (still pouring on their Fall)
 Twixt him & home) & thunderd through them al }
 The Gallick Monsiour standing on the wall,
 And wondring at his dreadfull Discipline,
 Fir'd with a Valor, that spit spirit Divine
 In five Battaillons randging all his Men,
 Bristl'd with Pikes, and flanck't with Flanckers ten,
 Gave fire still in his Rere, retir'd and wrought,
 Downe to his fixt strength still retir'd and fought,
 All the Battaillons of the Enemies Horse
 Storming upon him still, their fieriest Force,
 Charge upon Charge laid fresh he fresh as day
 Repulsing all, and forcing glorious way
 Into the Gates, that gaspt (as swounes for Ayre)
 And tooke their life in, with untoucht Repaire
 So fight out (sweet Earle) your Retreate in Peace,
 No ope-warr equalls that, where privie Prease
 Of never-numberd odds of Enimie
 Arm'd all by Envie, in blinde Ambush lie, }
 To rush out, like an open threatning skie, }
 Broke al in Meteors round about your eares
 Gainst which, (though far from hence) through al your Reres
 Have fires prepar'd, wisdom, with wisdom flanck,
 And all your forces randge in present ranck,
 Retiring as you now fought in your strength,
 From all the Force laid, in times utmost length,
 To charge, and basely, come on you behind
 The Doctrine of all which, you here shall finde, }
 And, in the true Glasse of a humane Minde }*

Your Odysses, the Body letting see
 All his life past, through Infelicitie,
 And manage of it all In which to friend,
 The full Muse brings you both the prime and end
 Of all Arts ambient in the Orbe of Man,
 Which never darknesse most Cimmerian
 Can give Eclipse, since (blinde) He all things sawe,
 And to all, ever since, liv'd Lord, and Lawe
 And though our mere-learn'd men, & Modern wise
 Taste not poore Poesies Ingenuties,
 Being crusted with their covetous Leprosies,
 But hold her paines, worse then the spiders worke,
 And lighter then the shadowe of a Corke
 Yet th' ancient learn'd, heat with celestially fire,
 Affirmes her flames so sacred and entire,
 That, not without Gods greatest grace she can
 Fall in the wid'st Capacitie of Man

If yet, the vile Soule of this Verminous time,
 Love more the Sale-Muse, and the Squirrels chime,
 Then this full sphere of Poesies sweetest Prime,
 Give them unenvied, their vaine veine, and vent,
 And rest your wings, in his approv'd Ascent
 That yet was never reacht, nor ever fell
 Into affections bought with things that sell,
 Being the Sunns Flowre, and wrapt so in his skie,
 He cannot yeeld to every Candles eye

*Ut non sine
 maximo fa-
 vore Dei com-
 parari queat
 Pla. in Ione*

Whose most worthy Discoveries, to your
 Lordships Judiciall Perspective in most
 subdu'd Humilitie submitteth,

GEORGE CHAPMAN

THE OCCASION OF THIS IMPOS'D CROWNE

A*FTER this not onely Prime of Poets, but Philosophers, had written his two great Poems, of Iliads & Odysses, which (for their first Lights borne before all Learning) were worthily call'd the Sunne and Moone of the Earth, (finding no compensation) he writ, in contempt of Men, this ridiculous Poem of Vermin, giving them Nobility of Birth, valorous elocution not inferior to his Heroes At which the Gods themselves put in amaze, call'd Counsailes about their assistance of either Armie, and the justice of their Quarrels, even to the mounting of Joves Artillery against them, and discharge of his three-forckt flashes and all for the devouring of a Mouse After which sleight and onely-recreative touch, hee betooke him seriously to the honor of the Gods, in Hymn's resounding all their peculiar Titles, Jurisdiction, and Dignities, which hee illustrates at all parts, as he had beene continually conversant amongst them and whatsoever autentique Poesie he omitted in the Episods, contained in his Iliads and Odysses, he comprehends and concludes in his Hym'n's and Epigrams Al his observance and honor of the Gods, rather mov'd their envies against him, then their rewards, or respects of his endeavours And so like a Man verecund ingeniu (which he witnesseth of himselfe) he liv'd unhonord and needie till his death, yet not withstanding all mens servile and manacled Miseries, to his most absolute and never-equall'd Merite, yea even bursten profusion to Imposture and Impiety, beare our-ever-the Same intranced, and never-sleeping Master of the Muses, to his last accent, incomparable*
singing

BATRAXOMYO-

MAXIA

ENTRING THE FIELDS, FIRST LET
MY VOWES CALL ON
THE MUSES WHOLE QUIRE OUT
OF HELICON

Into my Heart, for such a Poems sake,
As lately I did in my Tables take,
And put into report, upon my knees
A fight so fierce, as might in all degrees
Fit Mars himselfe, and his tumultuous hand,
Glorying to dart to th' eares of every land
Of all the^a voice-devided, And to show
How bravely did both Froggs and Mise bestow
In glorious fight their forces, even the deedes
Daring to imitate of earths Giant-seedes
Thus then, men talkt, this seede the strife begat
The Mouse, once drie, and scap't the dangerous Cat,
Drench't in the neighbour lake, her tender berde,
To taste the sweetnesse of the wave it rer'de

^a Intending
Men being di-
vided from all
other creatures
by the voice *μερ-
δω* being a *peri-
phrasis* signify-
ing voice divided,
of *μερδω* *divido*
and *δω* *ὀπός*
vox

The farre-fam'de Fen-affecter (seeing him) said,
Ho? Stranger? what are you? And whence, that tread
This shore of ours? who brought you forth? replie,
What truth may witsnesse, lest I finde, you lie
If worth fruition of my love, and me,
Ile have thee home, and Hospitalitie
Of feast, and gift, good and magnificent
Bestow on thee For all this Confluent
Resounds my Royaltie, my Name, the great
In blowne-up count'nances, and lookes of threat,

^a *Φυσίναθος*,
Genas &
buccas inflans

* *Physignathus*, ador'd of all Frogs here
All their daies durance, And the Empire beare

Of all their Beings Mine owne Beeing, begot
 By royall " *Peleus*, mixt in nuptiall knot,
 With faire ^a *Hydromedusa*, On the Bounds
 Nere which ^b *Eridanus*, his Race resounds
 And Thee, mine Eie, makes my Concept enclinde
 To reckon powerfull, both in forme, and Minde
 A Scepter-bearer, And past others farre,
 Advanc't in all the fiery Fights of warre
 Come then, Thy race, to my renowne commend

The Mousemade answer, why enquires my friend?
 For what so well, know men and Deities,
 And all the wing'd affecters of the skies?
^c *Psycharpax*, I am calld, ^d *Troxartes* seede,
 Surnam'd the Mighty-Minded She that free'd
 Mine eies from darknesse, was ^e *Lichomyle*,
 King ^f *Pternotroctes* Daughter, shewing me
 Within an aged hovell, the young light
 Fed me with figges, and nuts, and all the height
 Of varied viands But unfold the cause,
 Why, 'gainst similitudes most equall lawes
 (Observ'd in friendship) thou makst me thy friend?
 Thy life, the waters only helpe t' extend
 Mine, whatsoever, men are us'd to eat,
 Takes part with them, at shore their purest cheat,
 Thrice boulded, kneaded, and subdu'd in past,
 In cleane round kymnells, cannot be so fast
 From my approches kept, but in I eat
 Nor Cheesecakes full, of finest Indian wheat,
 That ^g *Crustie-weedes* weare, large as Ladies traines
^h *Lyvrrings*, (white-skind as Ladies) nor the straines

πηλεὺς *qui ex*
luto nascitur

^a Ὑδρομέδουσα
Aquarum
Regina
^b *The river Po*
in Italie

^c Ψυχάρπαξ
Gather-crum
or ravish-crum
^d *Shear-crust*
^e *Lick-mill*
^f *Bacon stick-*
devourer or
gnawer

^g Τρονπαίλος
Extenso & pro-
misso Peplo
amictus
A metaphor
taken from
ladies veiles or
traines and
therefore their
names are here
added
^h Λιυκχίτωνα
Livering pud-
dings white
skind

^h Παντοδα-
πολῶν
*Whose common
exposition is
only Varius
when it pro-
perly signifies,
Ex omni solo*

Of prest milke, renneted, Nor collups cut,
Fresh from the flitch. Nor junkets such as put
Palats divine in Appetite nor any
Of all mens delicats, though ne're so many
Their Cookes devise them, who each dish see deckt
With all the dainties^h all strange soules affect
Yet am I not so sensuall, to flie
Of fields embattailld, the most fiery crie
But rush out strait, and with the first in fight,
Mixe in adventure No man with affright
Can daunt my forces, though his bodie bee
Of never so immense a quantitie
But making up, even to his bed, accesse,
His fingers ends dare with my teeth compresse
His feet taint likewise, and so soft sease both,
They shall not tast Th'Impression of a tooth
Sweet sleepe shall holde his owne, in every eye
Where my tooth takes his tarest libertie
But two there are, that alwaies, far and neare
Extremely still, controule my force with feare,
(The Cat, and Night-Hawke) who much skathe confer
On all the Outraies, where for food I erre
Together with theⁱ streights-still-keeping Trap,
Where lurkes deceiptfull and set-spleend Mishap
But most of all the Cat constraines my feare,
Being ever apt t' assault me every where
For by that hole, that hope saies, I shall scape,
At that hole ever, she commits my Rape
The best is yet, I eat no pot-herb grasse,
Nor Raddishes, nor Coloquintida's

ⁱ Στοιβάσαν,
of στένος
Angustus

Nor Still-greene, Beetes, nor Parsley which you make
Your dainties still, that live upon the lake
The Frog replide Stranger? your boasts creepe all
Upon their bellies, though to our lives fall,
Much more miraculous meates, by lake and land
Jove tending our lives with a twofold hand,
Enabling us to leape ashore for food,
And hide us strait in our retreatfull flood
Which if your will serve, you may prove with ease
Ile take you on my shoulders which fast sease,
If safe arrivall at my house y' intend

He stoopt, and thither spritelie did ascend,
Clasping his golden necke, that easie seat
Gave to his sallie who was jocund yet,
Seeing the safe harbors of the King so nere,
And he, a swimmer so exempt from Pere
But when he sunke into the purple wave,
He mournd extremely, and did much deprave
Unprofitable penitence His haire
Tore by the roots up, labord for the aire,
With his feet fetcht up to his belly, close
His heart within him, panted out repose,
For th' insolent plight, in which his state did stand
Sigh'd bitterly, and long'd to greete the land,
Forc't by the dire Neede, of his freezing feare
First, on the waters, he his taile did stere
Like to a Sterne then drew it like an ore,
Still praying the Gods to set him safe ashore
Yet sunke he midst the red waves, more and more,)
And laid a throat out, to his utmost height

Yet in forc'd speech, he made his perill sleight,
 And thus his glorie with his grievance strove,
 Not in such choice state was the charge of love
 Borne by the Bull, when to the Cretane shore
 He swumme Europa through the wavie rore,
 As this Frog ferries me, His pallid brest
 Bravely advancing, and his verdant crest
 (Submitted to my seat) made my support,
 Through his white waters, to his royall Court
 But on the sudden did apparance make
 An horrid spectacle, a water-snake
 Thrusting his freckeld necke above the lake }
 Which (seene to both) away *Physignathus*
 Div'd to his deepes, as no way conscious
 Of whom, he left to perish in his lake,
 But shunn'd blacke fate himselfe, and let him take
 The blackest of it who amids the Fenn
 Swumme with his brest up, hands held up in vaine,
 Cried Peepe, and perisht sunke the waters oft,
 And often with his sprawlings, came aloft,
 Yet no way kept downe deaths relentlesse force
 But (full of water) made an heavie Corse
 Before he perisht yet, he threatned thus,
 Thou lurk'st not yet from heaven (*Physignathus*)
 Though yet thou hid'st here, that hast cast from thee
 (As from a Rocke,) the shipwrackt life of mee
 Though thou thy selfe, no better was than I
 (O worst of things) at any facultie,
 Wrastling or race but for thy perfidie
 In this my wracke *Jove* beares a wreakefull eie

And to the Hoast of Mise, thou paines shalt pay
 Past all evasion This, his life let say,
 And left him to the waters Him beheld,
 * *Lichopanax*, plac't in the pleasing field
 Who shrick't extremely, ranne and told the Mise,
 Who, having heard his watry destinies,
 Pernicious anger pierst the hearts of all,
 And then their Heralds, forth they sent to call
 A councill early, at *Troxartes* house,
 Sad father of this fatall shipwrack't Mouse
 Whose dead Corpse, upwards swum along the lake,
 Nor yet (poore wretch) could be enforc'd to make
 The shore, his harbour, but the mid-Maine swum
 When now (all haste made) with first morne did come
 All to set councill, in which, first rais'd head,
Troxartes, angrie for his sonne, and said,

* *Lick-dish*

O Friends, though I alone may seeme to beare
 All the infortune, yet may all mette here
 Account it their case But 'tis true, I am
 In chiefe unhappy, that a triple flame
 Of life, feeble put forth, in three famous sonnes,
 The first, the chiefe in our confusions
 (The Cat) made rape of, caught without his hole
 The second, Man, made with a cruell soule,
 Brought to his ruine, with a new-found sleight,
 And a most woodden engine of deceit,
 They terme a Trap, mere * Murthresse of our Mise
 The last that in my love held speciall prise,
 And his rare mothers, this *Physignathus*
 (With false pretext of wafting to his house,)

* *Ολετρισ*
Interfectrix
Perditrix

Strangl'd in chiefe deepes, of his bloudy streame.
Come then, haste all, and issue out on them,
Our bodies deckt, in our *Dedalean* armes.

This said, his words thrust all up in alarmes;
And *Mars* himselfe, that serves the cure of war,
Made all in their Appropriats circular.
First on each leg, the greene shales of a Beane,
They clos'd for Bootes, that sat^b exceeding cleane:
The shales they broke ope, Bootehaling by night,
And eat the beanes Their Jacks, Art exquisite
Had showne in them, being Cats-skins, every where
Quilted with quills Their fencefull bucklers were,
The middle rounds of Can'sticks, but their speare
A huge long Needle was, that could not beare
The braine of any, but be *Mars* his owne
Mortall invention Their heads arming Crowne
Was vessel to the kinnell of a nut
And thus the Mise, their powers in armour put.

This, the frogs hearing, From the water, all
Issue to one place, and a councill call
Of wicked war, consulting what should be
Cause to this murmure, and strange mutinie.
While this was question'd, neere them made his stand
An Herald with a Scepter in his hand,
(^g*Embasytyrus* calld) that fetcht his kinde,
From^h *Tyroglyphus*, with the mightie minde,
Denouncing ill-nam'd war, in these high termes;

O Frogs? the Mise, sends threats to you of armes
And bid me bid ye Battell; and fixt fight,
Their eyes all wounded with *Psycharpax* sight,

^b Εὖ τ' ἀσκή-
σαντες, ab
ἀσκέω,
Elaborate con-
cinnō

^g Enter-pot,
or Serib-pot
^h Cheese-mi-
ner Qui caseum
rodendo cavat.

Floting your waters, whom your king hath kild. }
 And therefore all prepare for force of field,
 You that are best borne, whosoever held. }

This said, he sever'd, his speech firing th' eares
 Of all the Mīse, but frees'd the Frogs with feares,
 Themselves conceiting guiltie, whom the King
 Thus answer'd (rising) Friends? I did not bring
Psycharpax to his end, He, wantoning

Upon our waters, practising to swimme,
 *Ap'te us, and drown'd, without my sight of him.

*Μιμουμενος
 Aping or imi-
 tating us

And yet these worst of Vermine, accuse me
 Though no way guiltie Come, consider we

How we may ruine these deceitfull Mīse

For my part, I give voice to this advise,

As seeming fittest to direct our deeds

Our bodies decking with our arming weeds,

Let all our Powr's stand rais'd in steep'st repose

Of all our shore, that when they charge us close,

We may the helms snatch off, from all so deckt,

Daring our onset, and them all deject

Downe to our waters Who not knowing the sleight

To dive our soft deeps, may be strangl'd streight,

And we triumphing, may a Trophey rere,

Of all the Mīse, that we have slaughter'd here

These words put all in armes, and mallow leaves

They drew upon their leggs, for arming^b Greaves.

^b Boot's of
 warre

Their Curets, broad Greene Beetes, their bucklers were

Good thick-leav'd Cabbage; prooffe gainst any spe're

Their speares, sharpe Bullrushes; of which, were all

Fitted with long ones Their parts Capitall

They hid in subtle Cockleshells from blowes
 And thus, all arm'd, the steepest shores they chose,
 T'encamp themselves; where lance with lance, they lin'd,
 And brandisht bravelie, each Frogg full of Minde.

Then *Jove* call'd all Gods, in his flaming Throne
 And shew'd all, all this preparation
 For resolute warre. These able soldiers,
 Many, and great, all shaking lengthfull spe'res
 In shew like *Centaures*, or the *Gyants* Host.
 When (sweetlie smiling,) he enquir'd who, most
 Of all th' Immortalls, pleas'd to adde their aide
 To Froggs or *Mise* and thus to *Pallas* said,

O daughter? Must not you, needs aid these *Mise*?
 That with the Odors, and meate sacrifice
 Us'd in your Temple, endlesse triumphs make,
 And serve you, for your sacred victles sake?

Pallas repli'd, O Father, never I
 Will aid the *Mise*, in anie miserie
 So many mischiefes by them, I have found,
 Eating the Cotten, that my distaffs crown'd,
 My lamps still hanting, to devoure the oyle
 But that which most my minde eates, is their spoile
 Made of a veile, that me in much did stand
 On which, bestowing an elaborate hand,
 A fine woofe working, of as pure a thredd,
 Such holes therein, their Petulancies fed,
 That, putting it to darning, when t'was done,
 The darning, a most deare paie stood upon
 For his so deare paines, laid downe instantlie,
 Or (to forbear) exacted ^busurie.

^a στέμματα,
 Lanas, eo quod
 colus cingant
 seu coronent
 Which our
 learned sect
 translate
 eating the
 crownes that
 Pallas wore

^b τόκος, Partus
 et id quod partu
 edidit Mater
 Metap hic
 appellatur
 fœnus quod
 ex usura ad nos
 redit

So, borrowing from my Phane, the weed I wove,
 I can by no meanes, th' usurous darter, move
 To let me have the mantle to restore.
 And this is it, that rubs the angrie sore
 Of my offence tooke, at these petulant Mise
 Nor will I yeeld, the Froggs wants, my supplies,
 For their infirme mindes, that no confines keepe;
 For I, from warre retir'd, and wanting sleepe,
 All leapt ashore in tumult, nor would staie
 Till one winck seas'd myne eyes, and so I laie
 Sleeplesse, and pain'de with headach, till first light
 The Cock had crow'd up Therefore, to the fight
 Let no God goe assistant, lest a lance

Wound whosoever offers to advance,
 Or wishes but their aid, that skorne all foes,
 Should any Gods accesse, their spirits oppose
 Sit we then pleas'd, to see from heaven, their fight

She said, and all Gods join'd in her delight
 And now, both hosts, to one field drew the jarre,
 Both Heralds bearing the ostents of warre
 And then the^a wine-Gnats, that shrill Trumpets sound
 Terrible rung out, the encounter, round.

Jove thundred, all heaven, sad warrs signe resounded

And first,^b *Hypsiboas*,^c *Lychenor* wounded,
 Standing th' impression of the first in fight.

His lance did, in his Lyvers midsts alight,
 Along his bellie. Downe he fell; his face,
 His fall on that part swaie, and all the grace
 Of his soft hayre, fil'd with disgracefull dust.

Then^d *Troglodytes*, his thuck javeline thrust

^a κωκυψ,
Culex vina-
rius

^b Lowd-mouth
^c *Kitcher-ves-*
sell liker

^d *Hole-dweller*
Qui foramina
subit.

- * *Mud-borne* . In * *Pelions* bosome, bearing him to ground
Whom sad death seas'd, his soule flew through his wound.
- ^a *Beet-devourer* ^a *Sentlaus* next, *Embasichytros* slew;
^b *The great bread-eater.* His heart through thrusting: then ^b *Artophagus* threw
^c *The great Noise-maker, shrill or bigg-voic't* His lance at ^c *Polyphon*, and strooke him quite
^d *The lake-lover* Through his midd-bellie. downe he fell upright:
And from his fayre limms, took his soule her flight.
^d *Lymnocharis* beholding *Polyphon*
Thus done to death, did with as round a stone
As that the mill turnes, *Troplodytes* wound
Neare his mid-neck, ere he his onset found
Whose eyes, sad darknes seas'd. ^e *Lychenor* cast
^e *Qui lambit culinaria vasa.* A flying dart off, and his ayme so plac't
Upon *Lymnocharis*, that ^f Sure he thought
^f *Τιτυονομοι* The wound he wisht him nor untruely wrought
intentissime dirigo, ut certum ictum inferam
^g *The cabbage-eater* The dire successe, for through his Lyver flew
The fatall lance, which when ^g *Crambaphagus* knew,
Downe the deepe waves neare shore, he, diving, fled,
But fled not fate so, the sterne enimie fed
Death with his life in diving. never more }
The ayre he drew in, his Vermilian gore }
Staund all the waters, and along the shore }
He lay extended, his fat entrailes laie
(By his small guts impulsion) breaking waie
Out at his wound. ^h *Lymnisus*, neare the shore
^h *Paludis Incola.* Destroid *Tyroglyphus* which frightened sore
Lake-liver The soule of ⁱ *Calaminth*, seeing comming on
ⁱ *Qui in Calamintha herba palustri habitat.* (For wreake) ^k *Pternoglyphus*. who got him gon
^k *Bacon-eater* With large leapes to the lake, his Target throwne
^l *Qui Aquas delectatur* Into the waters. ^l *Hydrocharis* slew

King^m *Pternophagus*, at whose throte he threw
 A huge stone, strooke it high, and beate his braine
 Out at his nostrills earth blusht, with the staine
 His blood made on her bosom. For next Prise,
Lichopimax, to death did sacrifice

^m Collup-
 devourer

ⁿ *Borborocates* faultlesse faculties,
 His lance enforc' t it, darknes clos'd his eyes
 On which when ^o *Brassophagus*, cast his looke,
^p *Cnisodictes*, by the heeles he tooke,
 Dragg'd him to fenn, from off his native ground,
 Then seas'd his throte, and souc' t him, till he droun'd

ⁿ Mudd-
 Sleeper
^o Leeks- or
 scalion lover
^p Kitchin-smell,
 banter, or
 bunter

But now, *Psycharpax* wreakes his fellows deaths,
 And in the bosome of ^q *Pelusius* sheathes,
 (In center of his Lyver) his bright lance
 He fel before the Author of the chance,
 His soule to hell fled. Which ^r *Pelobates*
 Taking sad note of, wreakefully did sease
 His hands gripe full of mudd, and all besmear'd,
 His forehead with it so, that scarce appeard
 The light to him Which certainly incenst
 His fierie splene who, with his wreake dispenst
 No point of tyme, but rer'd with his strong hand
 A stone so massie, it opprest the land,
 And hurld it at him, when, below the knee
 It strooke his right legge so impetuouslie,
 It peece-meale brake it, he the dust did sease,
 Upwards everted But ^s *Craugasides*
 Revendg'd his death, and at his enimie
 Discharg'd a dart, that did his point implie
 In his mid-bellie. All the sharp-pil'de speare

^q Fennstalker

^r Qui per
 lutum it.

^s

Got after in, and did before it beare
 His universall entrailes to the earth,
 Soone as his swolne hand, gave his javeline birth.

^a *Eats-corne*

^a *Sitophagus*, beholding the sad sight,
 Set on the shore, went halting from the fight,
 Vext with his wounds extremelie And to make
 Waie from extreme fate, lept into the lake

Troxartes strooke, in th' insteps upper part,
Physignathus, who, (privie to the smart
 His wound imparted) with his utmost hast
 Lept to the lake, and fled *Troxartes* cast
 His eye upon the foe that fell before,
 And, (see'ng him halfe-liv'de) long'd againe to gore
 His gutlesse bosome, and (to kill him quite)

^b *Scallian-devourer*

Ranne fiercely at him Which ^b *Prassæus* sight
 Tooke instant note of, and the first in fight
 Thrust desp'rate way through, casting, his keene lance }
 Off at *Troxartes*, whose shield turn'd th' advance }
 The sharpe head made & checkt the mortall chance }

Amongst the Mise fought, an Egreiouse
 Young springall, and a close-encountring Mouse.

^c *Bread-betrayer*

Pure ^c *Artepibulus*-his deare descent
 A Prince that *Mars* himselfe shewd, where he went

^d *Scrap or broken-meat-eater*

(Call'd ^d *Meridarpax*) Of so huge a might,
 That onely He still, dominer'd in fight,
 Of all the Mouse-Host He advancing close
 Up to the Lake, past all the rest arose
 In glorious object, and made vant that He
 Came to depopulate all the progenie
 Of Froggs, affected with the lance of warre.

And certainly, he had put on as farre
 As he advanc't his vant, (he was indude
 With so unmatcht a force, and fortitude)
 Had not the Father, both of Gods and Men
 Instantly knowne it, and the Froggs (even then
 Given up to ruine) rescude with remorse
 Who, (his head moving,) thus began discourse:

No meane amaze, affects me to behold
 Prince *Meridarpax*, rage so uncontrolld,
 In thirst of Frogg-blood, all along the lake
 Come therefore still, and all addression make,
 Dispatching *Pallas*, with tumultuous *Mars*,
 Downe to the field, to make him leave the wars.
 How* Potently soever he be said,

Where he attempts once, to uphold his head

Mars answered, O *Jove*, neither she nor I
 (With both our aides) can keepe depopulacie
 From off the Froggs And therefore arme we all,
 Even thy lance letting brandish to his call
 From off the field that from the field withdrew
 The *Titanois*, the *Titanois* that slew,
 Though most exempt from match, of all earths seedes
 So great and so inaccessible deeds
 It hath proclaim'd to men, bound hand and foot,
 The vast *Enceladus*, and rac't by th' root
 The race of upland Gyants. This speech past,
Saturnius, a smoking lightening cast
 Amongst the armies, thundring then so sore,
 That with a rapting circumflexe, he bore
 All huge heaven over But the terrible ire,

* κρηταιρός,
 Validus seu
 potens in
 retinendo

Of his dart, sent abroad, all wrapt in fire,
 (Which certainly, his very finger was)
 Amazde both Mise and Froggs. Yet soone let passe
 Was all this by the Mise who, much the more;
 Burnd in desire t' exterminate the store
 Of all those lance-lov'd souldiers. Which, had beene,
 If, from *Olympus*, *Joves* eye had not seene
 The Froggs with pittie, and with instant speede
 Sent them assistents Who (ere any heede
 Was given to their approach) came crawling on
 With ^a Anviles on their backs, that (beat upon
 Never so much) are never wearied, yet
 Crook-pawd, and wrested on, with foule cloven feet
 Tongues in their mouths ^b Brick-backt, All over bone,
 Broade-shoulderd, whence a ruddie yellow shone
 Distorted, and small thigh'd had eyes that saw
 Out at their bosomes Twice foure feet did draw
 About their bodies Strong neckt, whence did rise
 Two heads, nor could to any hand be Prise
 They call them *Lobsters*, that eat from the Mise, }
 Their tailes, their feet, and hands, and wrested all
 Their lances from them so, that cold Appall
 The wretches put in rout, past all returne
 And now the Fount of light forbore to burne
 Above the earth When (which mens lawes commend)
 Our Battaile, in one daie, tooke absolute end.

^a Νωτόκιμνες
 Incudes ferentes Or An-
 vile-back't
^b ὀκμαὼν Incus,
 dicta per synco-
 pen, qua si
 nullis ictibus
 fatigetur
^b Ψαλιδαό-
 τομος,
 Forcipem in
 ore habens

THE END OF HOMERS BATTAILE
 OF FROGGES AND MISE.

AL THE HYMNES OF HOMER

AN HYMNE TO APOLLO

I WILL REMEMBER, AND EXPRESSE
THE PRAISE
OF HEAVENS FAR-DARTER, THE
FAIRE KING OF DAIES

Whom even the Gods themselves feare, when he goes
Through *Joves* high house, and when his goodly bowes
He goes to bend, all from their Thrones arise,
And cluster neare, t' admire his faculties
Onely *Latona*, stirs not from her seate
Close by the *Thunderer*, till her sonnes retreat
From his dread archerie, but then she goes,
Slackens his string, and shuts his Quiver close,
And (having taken to her hand, his bowe,
From off his able shoulders) doth bestowe
Upon a Pinne of gold the glorious Tiller,
The Pinne of gold fixt in his Fathers Piller

Then doth she to his Throne, his state uphold,
Where his great Father, in a cup of gold
Serves him with *Nectar*, and shews all, the grace
Of his great sonne Then th' other gods take place
His gracious mother, glorying to beare
So great an Archer, and a sonne so cleare

All haile (*Oblest Latona!*) to bring forth
An issue of such All-out-shining worth,
Royall *Apollo*, and the Queene that loves
The hurles of darts She in th' *Ortygian* groves,
And he, in cliffie *Delos*, leaning on
The loftie *Oros*, and being built upon
By *Cynthus* Prominent. that his head reares

Close to the Palme, that *Inops* fluent cheares.

How shall I praise thee? farre being worthiest praise?

(O *Phæbus*) to whose worth, the law of layes

In all kindes is ascrib'de? If feeding flocks

By Continent, or Ile, all eminen'st rocks

Did sing for joy. Hill-tops, and floods in song

Did breake their billows, as they flow'd along

To serve the sea. The shores, the seas, and all

Did sing as soone, as from the lap did fall

Of blest *Latona*, thee the joy of Man.

Her Child-bed made, the mountaine *Cynthian*

In rockie *Delos*, the sea-circled Ile.

On whose all sides, the black seas brake their Pile,

And over-flowd for joy, so franck a Gale

The singing winds did on their waves exhale

Here borne, all mortalls live in thy commands

Who ever *Crete* holds, *Athens*, or the strands

Of th'Ile *Ægina*, or the famous land

For ships (*Eubæa*;) or *Eresia*;

Or *Peparethus*, bordring on the sea.

Ægas, or *Athos*, that doth *Thrace* divide

And *Macedon*. Or *Pelion*, with the pride

Of his high forehead. Or the *Samian* Ile;

That likewise lies neare *Thrace*, or *Scyrus* soile,

Ida's steepe tops. Or all that *Phocis* fill.

Or *Autocanes*, with the heaven-high hill:

Or populous *Imber*: *Lemnos* without Ports,

Or *Lesbos*, fit for the divine resorts;

And sacred soile of blest *Æolion*.

Or *Cbus* that exceeds comparison

For fruitfulness with all the Isles that lie
 Embrac't with seas *Mimas*, with rocks so hie
 Or Loftie-crownd *Corycius*, or the bright
Charos or *Æsageus* dazeling height
 Or waterie *Samos Mycale*, that beares
 Her browes even with the circles of the spheares
Miletus, Cous, That the Citie is
 Of voice-divided-choice humanities
 High *Cnidus*, *Carpathus*, still strooke with winde
Naxus, and *Paros*, and the rockie-min'd
 Rugged *Rhenæa* Yet through all these parts,
Latona, great-growne, with the King of darts,
Travaille, and tried, If any would become
 To her deare birth, an hospitable home
 All which, extremely trembled (shooke with feare)
 Nor durst endure, so high a birth to beare,
 In their free States though, for it, they became
 Never so fruitfull, till the reverend Dame
 Ascended *Delos*, and her soile did sease
 With these wing'd words O *Delos!* would'st thou please
 To be my sonne *Apolloes* native seat,
 And build a welthie Phane to one so great
 No one shall blame, or question thy kinde deede
 Nor thinke I, thou, dost Sheepe or Oxen feede,
 In any such store, Or in vines excede,
 Nor bring'st forth such innumerable Plants,
 (Which often make the rich Inhabitants
 Careles of Deitie) If thou then should'st rere
 A Phane to *Phæbus* all men would confer
 Whole *Hecatombs* of beeves for sacrifice,

Still thronging hither And to thee would rise
 Ever unmeasur'd Odors, should'st thou long
 Nourish thy King thus, and from forreigne wrong
 The Gods would guard thee, which thine owne addresse
 Can never compasse for thy barrennesse

She said, and *Delos* joy'd, replying thus
 Most happie sister of *Saturnius*?

I gladly would, with all meanes entertain
 The King your sonne, being now despis'd of men;
 But should be honord with the greatest then

Yet this I feare, Nor will conceale from thee,

Your Sonne (some say) will author miserie

In many kindes as being to sustein

A mightie empire over Gods, and Men,

Upon the holie-gift-giver the earth.

And bitterly I feare, that when his birth

Gives him the sight, of my so barren soile

He will contemne, and give me up to spoile

Enforce the sea to me, that ever will

Oppresse my heart, with many a watrie hill

And therefore, let him chuse some other land,

Where he shall please, to build at his command

Temple and Grove, set thick with many a Tree

For wretched *Polypusses*, breed in me

Retyring chambers, and black sea-calves, Den

In my poore soile, for penurie of Men.

And yet (O Goddess) would'st thou please to swear

The Gods great oath to me, before thou beare

Thy blessed Sonne here, that thou wilt erect

A Phane to him, to render the effect

Of mens demands to them, before they fall,)
 Then will thy sonnes renowne be generall, }
 Men will his name, in such varietie call
 And I shall, then, be glad, his birth to beare

This said, the Gods great oath, she thus didswere
 Know this (O earth!) broad heavens inferior sphere,)
 And of blacke Styx, the most infernall lake
 (Which is the gravest oath, the Gods can take)
 That here shall ever rise to *Phæbus* Name
 An odorous Phane, and Altar, and thy fame
 Honor, past all Iles else, shall see him employd

Her oath thus tooke, and ended, *Delos* joy'd
 In mightie measure, that she should become,
 To farr-shot *Phæbus* birth the famous home

Latona then, nine daies and nights did fall
 In hopeles labor at whose birth were all
 Heavens most supream, and worthie Goddesses.

Dione, *Rhæa*, and th' *Exploratrice*
 (*Themis*,) and *Amphitrite*, that will be
 Pursu'd with sighs still. Every Deitie
 Except the snowie-wristed wife of *Jove*
 Who held her moodes aloft, and would not move.

Onely *Lucina*, (to whose virtue vows
 Each Child-birth patient) heard not of her throwes,)
 But sat (by *Juno's* counsaile) on the browes
 Of broad *Olympus*, wrapt in clouds of gold
 Whom *Joves* proud wife, in envie did with-hold;
 Because bright-lockt *Latona*, was to beare
 A Sonne so faultles, and in force so cleare.
 The rest (*Thaumantia*) sent before to bring

Lucina to release the envied King
 Assuring her, that they would strait confer
 A Carquenet, nine cubits long, on her,
 All woven with wires of Gold But chargd her then,
 To call apart from th'Ivorie-wristed Queene
 The child-birth-guiding Goddesses, for just feare
 Lest, her charge utter'd, in *Saturnia's* eare,
 She, after, might dissuade her from descent.

When winde-swift-footed *Iris*, knew th'intent, }
 Of th'other Goddesses, away she went,
 And instantly she past, the infinite space
 Twixt Earth, and Heaven, when, comming to the place
 Where dwelt th'Immortals, strait without the gate
 She gat *Lucina*, and did all relate
 The Goddesses commanded, and enclin'd,
 To all that they demanded, her deare Minde.
 And on their way they went, like those two Doves
 That, walking high-waies, every shadow moves
 Up from the earth, forc't with their naturall feare.
 When entring *Delos*, she that is so deare
 To Dames in labor, made *Latona* strait
 Prone to deliverie, and to weild the wait
 Of her deare burthen, with a world of ease
 When, with her faire hand, she a Palme did sease }
 And (staying her by it) stucke her tender knees }
 Amidst the soft meade, that did smile beneath
 Her sacred labor, and the child did breath
 The aire, in th' instant. All the Goddesses
 Brake in kinde teares, and shrikes for her quicke ease.
 And Thee (O Archer *Phæbus*) with waves cleere

Washt sweetly over, swaddled with sincere
 And spotlesse swath-bands, and made then to flow
 About thy breast, a mantle, white as snow,
 Fine, and new made, and cast a Veile of Gold
 Over thy forehead Nor yet forth did hold
 Thy mother, for thy foode, her golden brest
 But *Themis* in supply of it, addrest
 Lovely *Ambrosia*, and drunke off to thee
 A Bowle of *Nectar*, interchangeablie
 With her immortall fingers, serving thine.
 And when (O *Phæbus*) that eternall wine
 Thy tast had relisht, and that foode divine)
 No golden swath-band longer could containe }
 Thy panting bosome all that would constraine }
 Thy soone-eas'd God-head, Every feeble chaine, }
 Of earthy Child-rights, flew in sunder, all
 And then didst thou thus, to the Deities call
 Let there be given me, my lov'd Lute and Bow,
 I'll prophecie to men, and make them know
Joves perfect counsailes This said, up did flie
 From brode-waide Earth, the unshorne Deitie,
 Far-shot *Apollo*. All th'Immortalls stood
 In steepe amaze, to see *Latonaes* brood
 All *Delos*, looking on him, all with gold
 Was loden strait, and joy'd to be extold
 By great *Latona* so, that she decreed,
 Her barrennesse, should beare the fruitfullst seed
 Of all the Isles, and Continents of earth,
 And lov'd her, from her heart so, for her birth.
 For so she florisht, as a hill that stood

Crownd with the flowre of an abundant wood.
And thou (*O Phæbus*) bearing in thy hand
Thy silver bow walk'st over every land
Sometimes ascend'st the rough-hewne rockie hill
Of desolate *Cynthus* and sometimes tak'st will
To visit Ilands, and the Plumps of men
And manie a Temple, all wayes, men ordein
To thy bright God-head, Groves, made darkewith Trees,
And never shorne, to hide ye Deities
All high-lov'd Prospects, all the steepest browes
Offarr-seene Hills and every flood that flowes
Forth to the sea, are dedicate to Thee
But most of all, thy mindes Alacritie
Is rais'd with *Delos*, since to fill thy Phane
There flocks so manie an *Ionian*,
With ample Gownes, that flowe downe to their feet
With all their children, and the reverend Sweet
Of all their pious wives And these are they
That (mindefull of thee) even thy Deitie
Render more spritelie, with their Champion fight
Dances, and songs, perform'd to glorious sight,
Once having publisht, and proclaim'd their strife
And these are acted with such exquisite life
That one would say, Now, the *Ionian* straines
Are turn'd Immortalls, nor know what Age meanes
His minde would take such pleasure from his eye,
To see them serv'd, by all Mortalitie
Their men so humane, women so well-grac't,
Their ships so swift, their riches so encreast,
Since thy observance. Who (being all, before

Thy opposites) were all despis'd, and poore.
 And to all these, this absolute wonder add,
 Whose praise shall render all posterities gladd
 The Delian Virgines, are thy handmaidens, All,
 And, since they serv'd *Apollo*, jointly fall
 Before *Latona*, and *Diana* too
 In sacred service. and doe therefore know
 How to make mention of the ancient Trimmes
 Of men, and women, in their well-made Hymns,
 And soften barbarous Nations with their song's.
 Being able, all, to speake the severall tongu's
 Of forreine Nations, and to imitate
 Their musiques there, with art so fortunate,
 That one would say, there every one did speake,
 And all their tunes, in naturall accents breake
 Their songs, so well compos'd are, and their Art
 To answer all soundes, is of such Desart

But come *Latona*, and thou king of Flames,
 With *Phæbe* Rectresse, of chaste thoughts in Dames,
 Let me salute ye, and your Graces call
 Hereafter to my just memoriall

And you (O *Delian* Virgins) doe me grace,
 When any stranger of our earthie Race
 Whose restlesse life, Affliction hath in chace,
 Shall hither come, and question you, Who is
 To your chaste eares, of choicest faculties
 In sacred Poesie, and with most right
 Is Author of your absolut'st delight,
 Ye shall your selves doe, all the right ye can,
 To answer for our Name: The sightlesse man

Of stonie *Chios*. All whose Poems, shall
In all last Ages, stand for Capitall.
This for your owne sakes I desire, for I
Will propagate mine owne precedencie,
As far as earth shall well-built cities beare;
Or humane conversation, is held deare
Not with my praise direct, but praises due,
And men shall credit it, because tis true.

How ever, I'le not cease the praise I vow
To farre-shot *Phæbus*, with the silver bow,
Whom lovely-hair'd *Latona* gave the light.
O King? Both *Lycia*, is in Rule thy Right,
Faire *Mæonie*, and the Maritimall
Miletus, wisht to be the seate of all

But chiefly *Delos*, girt with billowes round,
Thy most respected empire doth resound.
Where thou to *Pythius* wentst, to answer there,
(As soone as thou wert borne) the burning eare
Of many a far-come, to heare future deeds
Clad in divine, and odoriferous weeds
And with thy Golden Fescue, plaidst upon
Thy hollow Harp, that sounds to heaven set gone.

Then to *Olympus*, swift as thought hee flew
To *Joves* high house, and had a retinew
Of Gods t'attend him And then strait did fall
To studie of the Harp, and Harpsicall,
All th'Immortalls To whom, every Muse
With ravishing voices, did their answers use,
Singing Th'eternall deeds of Deitie.
And from their hands, what Hells of miserie,

Poore Humanes suffer, living desperate quite.)
 And not an Art they have, wit, or deceipt,)
 Can make them manage any Act aright)
 Nor finde with all the soule they can engage,
 A salve for Death, or remedie for Age

But here, the fayre-hayrd graces, the wise *Howres*,
Harmonia, *Hebe*, and sweet *Venus* powres,
 Danc't, and each others, *Palme*, to *Palme*, did cling
 And with these, danc't not a deformed thing
 No forspoke *Dwarfe*, nor downeward witherling,
 But all, with wondrous goodly formes were deckt,
 And mov'd with Beauties, of unpris'd aspect

Dart-deare-*Diana*, (even with *Phæbus* bred)
 Danc't likewise there, and *Mars* a march did tred,
 With that brave *Bevie* In whose consort, fell
Argicides, th'ingenious *Sentinell*
Phæbus-Apollo, toucht his Lute to them,
 Sweetely, and softly a most glorious beame
 Casting about him, as he danc't, and plaid,
 And even his feet, were all with raies araide
 His weede and all, of a most curious Trymm,
 With no lesse Luster, grac't, and circled him

By these, *Latona*, with a hayre that shin'd
 Like burnisht gold, and, (with the Mightie Minde)
 Heavens Counsailor, (*Jove*,) sat with delightsome eyes
 To see their Sonne, new rankt with Deities

How shall I praise thee then, that art all praise?
 Amongst the Brides, shall I thy Deitie raise?
 Or being in love, when, sad, thou wentst to wowe
 The Virgin *Aza*? and didst overthrowe

The even-with-Gods, *Elations* Mightie seed?
 That had of goodly horse, so brave a breed?
 And *Phorbas*, sonne of soveraigne *Triopus*,
 Valiant *Leucippus*, and *Ereuthens*,
 And *Triopus*, himselfe, with equall fall?
 Thou but on foot, and they on horsebacke all?

Or shall I sing thee, as thou first didst grace
 Earth with thy foot, to finde thee forth a place
 Fit to pronounce thy Oracles to Men?
 First from *Olympus*, thou alightedst then,
 Into *Pieria*, Passing all the land
 Of fruitles *Lesbos*, chok't with drifts of sand
 The *Magnets* likewise, and the *Perrhabes*?
 And to *Iolcus* variedst thy accesse?
Cenæus Topps ascending, that their Base
 Make bright *Eubæa*, being of ships the Grace
 And fixt thy faire stand, in *Lelantus* field,
 That did not yet, thy mindes contentment yeeld,
 To raise a Phane on, and a sacred Grove

Passing *Eurypus* then, thou mad'st remove
 Up to earths ever-greene, and holiest Hill
 Yet swiftly, thence too, thou transcendedst still
 To *Mycalessus*, and did'st touch upon
Teucmessus, apt, to make greene couches on,
 And flowrie field-bedds Then thy Progresse found
Thebes out, whose soile, with onely woods was crown'd
 For yet was sacred *Thebes*, no humane seate,
 And therefore were no Paths, nor high waies beat
 On her free bosome, that flowes now with wheat
 But then, she onely, wore on it, a wood

From hence (even loth to part, because it stood
 Fit for thy service) thou put'st on Remove
 To greene *Onchestus*, *Neptunes* glorious Grove;
 Where new-tam'd horse, bredd, nourish nerves so rare,
 That still they frolick, though they travailld are
 Never so sore, and hurrie after them
 Most heavie Coches but are so extream
 (In usuall-travaile) fierie-and-free,
 That though their cochman, ne're so masterlie
 Governes their courages, he sometimes must
 Forsake his seat, and give their spirits their lust
 When, after them, their emptie coach they drawe,
 Foming, and Neighing, quite exempt from awe
 And if their Cocheman, guide through any Grove
 Unshorne, and vow'd to any Deities Love
 The Lords encocht, leap out, and all their care
 Use to allaie their fires, with speaking faire,
 Stroking, and trimming them, and in some queach,
 (Or strength of shade) within their nearest reach,
 Reigning them up, invoke the deified King
 Of that unshorne, and everlasting spring,
 And leave them then, to her preserving hands,
 Who is the Fate, that there, the God commands
 And this was first, the sacred fashion there
 From hence thou wentst (O thou in shafts past Pere)
 And found'st *Cephyssus*, with thy all-seeing beames,
 Whose flood affects, so many silver streames,
 And from *Lylaüs*, poures so bright a wave
 Yet forth thy foot flew, and thy faire eyes gave
 The view of *Ocale*, the rich in towrs,

Then, to *Amartus*, that abounds in flowrs.
 Then to *Delphusa*, putt'st thy progresse on,
 Whose blessed soile, nought harmefull breeds upon
 And there, thy pleasure, would a Phane adorne
 And nourish woods, whose shades should ne're be shorne.
 Where, this thou told'st her, standing to her close.

Delphusa? here I entertaine suppose
 To build a farr-fam'd Temple, and ordein
 An Oraclet' informe the mindes of Men
 Who shall for ever, offer to my love
 Whole Hecatombs Even all the men that move
 In rich *Peloponesus*, and all those
 Of *Europe*, and the Iles the seas enclose,
 Whom future search of Acts, and Beings brings }
 To whom I'll prophecie the truths of things }
 In that rich Temple, where my Oracle sings }

This said, The all-bounds-reacher, with his bowe,
 The Phaness divine foundations did foreshowe,
 Ample they were, and did huge length impart,
 With a continuate Tenour, full of Art
 But when *Delphusa* look't into his end,
 Her heart grew angrie, and did thus extend
 It selfe to *Phæbus* *Phæbus*? since thy minde
 A farr-fam'd Phane, hath in it selfe design'd,
 To beare an Oracle to men, in me,
 That Hecatombs, may put in fire to thee,
 This let me tell thee, and impose for staie }
 Upon thy purpose Th'Inarticulate neye }
 Of fire-hov'd horse, will ever disobaie }
 Thy numerous eare, and mules will for their drinke

Trouble my sacred springs, and I should thinke
 That any of the humane Race, had rather
 See here, the hurreys of rich Coches gather,
 And heare the haughtie Neys of swift-hov'd horse,
 Than (in his pleasures place) convert recourse
 T'a Mightie Temple, and his wealth bestow
 On Pieties, where his sports may freely flow, }
 Or see huge wealth, that he shall never owe }
 And therefore, (wouldst thou heare, my free advise,
 Though Mightier farre thou art, and much more wise
 O King, than I, thy powre being great'st of all)
 In *Crissa*, underneath the bosomes fall
 Of steepe *Parnassus*, let thy minde be given
 To set thee up a Phane, where never driven
 Shall glorious Coches be, nor horses Neys
 Storme neare thy well-built Altars, but thy praise
 Let the faire race of pious Humanes bring,
 Into thy Phane, that *Io-Pæans* sing
 And those gifts onely let thy Deified minde
 Be circularie pleas'd with, being the kinde
 And fayre-burnt-offrings, that true Deities binde
 With this, His minde she altered, though she spake
 Not for his good, but her owne glories sake
 From hence (O *Phæbus*) first thou mad'st retreat,
 And of the *Phlegians*, reacht the walled seat,
 Inhabited with contumelious Men
 Whoe, sleighting *Jove*, tooke up their dwellings then
 Within a large Cave, neare *Cephyssus* Lake
 Hence, swiftly moving, thou all speed didst make
 Up to the tops intended, and the ground

Of *Crissa*, under the-with-snowe-still croun'd
(*Parnassus*) reacht, whose face affects the west.
Above which, hangs, a rock that still seemes prest
To fall upon it, through whose brest doth runn
A rockie Cave, neare which, the King the Sunn
Cast to contrive a Temple to his minde,
And said, Now heere, stands my concept inclin'd
To build a famous Phane, where still shall be
An Oracle to Men, that still to me
Shall offer absolute Hecatombs, as well
Those that in rich *Peloponessus* dwell,
As those of *Europe*, and the Iles that lie
Wald with the sea, That all their paines applie
T'employ my counsailes To all which will I
True secrets tell, by way of Prophetie,
In my rich Temple, that shall ever be
An Oracle, to all Posteritie
This said, the *Phanes* forme he did strait present,
Ample, and of a length of great extent,
In which *Trophonius*, and *Agamede*
(Who of *Erginus*, were the famous seed)
Impos'd the stonie Entrie and the Heart
Of every God had, for their excellent Art
About the Temple dwelt, of humane Name
Unnumbred Nations, it acquir'd such Fame,
Being all of stone, built for eternall date,
And neare it did a Fountaine propagate
A fayre streame farr away, when *Joves* bright seed,
(The King *Apollo*) with an arrow, (freed
From his strong string) destroid the Dragonesse

That Wonder nourisht, being of such excesse
In size, and horridnesse of monstrous shape,
That on the forc't earth, she wrought many a rape,
Many a spoile, made on it, many an ill
On crooke-hancht Herds brought, being impurpl'd still
With blood of all sorts Having undergone
The charge of *Juno*, with the golden Throne,
To nourish *Typhon* the abhorr'd affright
And bane of mortalls Whom, into the light
Saturnia brought forth, being incenst with *Jove*;
Because the most renown'd fruit of his love
(*Pallas*) he got, and shooke out of his braine
For which, Majestique *Juno*, did complaine
In this kinde, to the blest Court of the skies,
Know all ye sex-distinguisht Deities,
That *Jove* (assembler of the cloudie throng)
Beginns with me first, and affects with wrong
My right in him, made by himselfe, his wife,
That knowes and does the honor'd marriage life,
All honest offices, and yet hath he
Undulie got, without my companie
Blew-eyd *Minerva* who of all the skie
Of blest Immortalls is the absolute Grace
Where, I have brought into the heavenly Race,
A Sonne, both taken in his feet and head,
So oughly, and so farr from worth my bedd,
That (ravisht into hand) I tooke and threw
Downe to the vast sea, his detested view.
Where *Nereus* Daughter *Thetis*, (who, her waie
With silver feet makes, and the faire araie

Of her bright sisters) sav'd, and tooke to guard.
But, would to heaven, another, yet, were spar'd,
The like Grace of his God-head. (Craftie mate)
What other scape canst thou excogitate?
How could thy heart sustaine to get alone,
The grey-eyd Goddesse' her conception,
Nor bringing forth, had any hand of mine,
And yet know all the Gods, I goe, for thine
To such kinde uses But I'le now employ
My braine to procreate a masculine Joy,
That 'mongst th'Immortalls, may as eminent shine,
With shame affecting, nor my bedd, nor thine,
Nor will I, ever, touch at thine againe,
But farr, fly it, and thee, and yet will raigne
Amongst th'Immortalls ever This spleene spent,
(Still yet left angrie) farre away she went,
From all the Deathlesse, and yet praid to all,
Advanc't her hand, and e're she let it fall
Us'd these excitements, Heare me now (O Earth?)
Brode Heaven above it, and (beneath your birth)
The Deified *Titanoy*s, that dwell about
Vast *Tartarus*, from whence sprung all the Rout
Of Men and Deities Heare me all (I say)
With all your forces, and give instant way
T'a sonne of mine, without *Jove*, who yet may
Nothing inferiour prove, in force to him,
But past him spring as farre, in able lim,
As he past *Saturne* This, pronounc't, she strooke
Life-bearing Earth so strongly, that she shooke
Beneath her numb'd hand. which when she beheld,

Her bosome with abundant comforts sweld;
 In hope all should, to her desire extend.
 From hence, the Yeare that all such proofes gives end,
 Grew round, yet all that time, the bed of *Jove*
 Shee never toucht at, never was her love
 Enflam'd to sit nere his *Dedalian Throne*,
 As she accustomed, to consult upon
 Counsell kept darke, with many a secret skill;
 But kept her Vow-frequented Temple still,
 Pleas'd with her sacrifice; till now, the Nights
 And Daies accomplish't, and the yeares whole rights,
 In all her revolutions, being expir'd,
 The *Howres*, and all, run out, that were requir'd,
 To vent a Birth-right, she brought forth a Sonne,
 Like Gods, or Men, in no condition,
 But a most dreadfull, and pernicious thing
 Call'd *Typhon*, who on all the humane Spring
 Confer'd confusion, which, receiv'd to hand
 By *Juno*, instantly, she gave command
 (Ill to ill adding) that the Dragonesse
 Should bring it up, who tooke, and did oppresse }
 With many a misery (to maintaine th' excesse
 Of that inhumane Monster) all the Race
 Of Men, that were of all the world the grace.
 Till the farre-working *Phæbus*, at her sent
 A fierie Arrow, that invok't event
 Of death gave, to her execrable life
 Before which yet, she lay in bitter strife,
 With dying paines, groveling on earth, and drew)
 Extreme short respirations, for which flew
 A shout about the aire; whence, no man knew

But came by power divine. And then she lay
Tumbling her Truncke, and winding every way
About her nastie Nest, quite leaving then
Her murtherous life, embreu'd with deaths of Men.

Then *Phæbus* gloried, saying, Thy selfe now lie
On Men-sustaining Earth, and putrifie
Who first, of Putrification, was inform'd.
Now on thy life, have Deaths cold vapors stormd,
That stormd'st on Men the Earth-fed, so much death,
In envie of the Of-spring, they made breathe
Their lives out, on my Altars, Now from thee,
Not *Typhon* shall enforce the miserie
Of merited death, nor shee, whose name implies
Such scath (*Chymæra*) but blacke earth make prise |
To putrification, thy Immanities
And bright *Hyperion*, that light, all eyes showes,
Thyne, with a night of rottennesse shall close

Thus spake he glory'ng, and then seas'd upon
Her horrid heape, with Putrification
Hyperions lovely powrs, from whence, her name
Tooke sound of *Python*, and heavens soveraigne flame
Was surnam'd *Pythius*, since the sharp-eyd Sunn,
Affected so, with Putrification
The hellish Monster And now *Phæbus* minde
Gave him to know, that falsehood had strooke blinde
Even his bright eye, because it could not finde
The subtle Fountaines fraud To whom he flew,
Enflam'd with anger, and in th' instant drew
Close to *Delphusa*, using this short vow,
Delphusa? you must looke no longer now
To vent your fraud's on me, for well I know

Your scituation, to be lovely worth
 A Temples Imposition, It poures forth
 So delicate a streame But your renowne
 Shall now no longer shine here, but mine owne. }
 This said, he thrust her Promontorie downe,
 And damn'd her fountaine up, with mightie stones,
 A Temple giving consecrations,
 In woods adjoining And in this Phane all
 On him, by surname of *Delphusius* call
 Because *Delphusa's* sacred flood and fame
 His wrath affected so, and hid in shame
 And then thought *Phæbus*, what descent of Men
 To be his Ministers, he should retein,
 To doe in stonie *Pythos* sacrifice
 To which, his minde contending, his quicke eyes
 He cast upon the blew Sea, and beheld
 A ship, on whose Masts, sailes that wing'd it sweld
 In which were men transferr'd, many and good
 That in *Minoian Gnossus*, ate their food,
 And were *Cretensians*, who now are those
 That all the sacrificing dues dispose,
 And all the lawes, deliver to a word
 Of Daies great King, that weares the golden sword.
 And Oracles (out of his *Delphian Tree*
 That shrowds her faire armes in the Cavities
 Beneath *Parnassus Mount*) pronounce to Men
 These, now his Priests, that liv'd as Merchants then,
 In trafficks, and Pecuniarie Rates,
 For sandie *Pylos* and the *Pylean States*,
 Were under saile. But now encounterd them

Phæbus Apollo, who into the streame
 Cast himselfe headlong and the strange disguise
 Tooke of a *Dolphine*, of a goodly sise.
 Like which, He leapt into their ship, and lay
 As an Ostent of infinite dismay
 For none, with any strife of Minde could looke }
 Into the *Omen* All the shipmast's shooke, }
 And silent, all sate, with the feare they tooke }
 Armd not, nor strooke they saile, But as before,
 Went on with full Trim And a foreright Blore,
 Stiff, and from forth, the South, the ship made flie
 When first, they stript the *Malean* Promont'rie
 Tought at *Laconias* soile, in which a Towne
 Their ship ariv'd at, that the Sea doth Crowne,
 Call'd *Tenarus*, A place of much delight
 To men that serve Heavens Comforter of sight,
 In which are fed, the famous flocks that beare
 The wealthie Fleeces, On a delicate Laire
 Being fed, and seated where the Merchants, faine
 Would have put in, that they might out againe,
 To tell the Miracle, that chanc't to them,
 And trie if it would take the sacred streame,
 Rushing far forth, that he againe might beare
 Those other Fishes that abounded there,
 Delightsome companie, Or still would stay,
 Abord their drie ship. But it faildet' obay.
 And for the rich *Peloponesian* shore,
 Steer'de her free saile, *Apollo* made the Blore
 Directly guide it. That, obeying still
 Reacht drie *Arena*, And, (what wish doth fill)

Faire *Aryphæa*, And the populous height
 Of *Thryus*, whose streame (siding her) doth weight
 With safe passe on *Alphæus*. *Pylos* sands
 And *Pylia*n dwellers keeping by the strands
 On which th'Inhabitants of *Crunius* dwell.
 And *Helida*, set opposite to Hell
Chalcis, and *Dymes* reach't, And happily
 Made saile by *Pheras* All being over-joide
 With that francke Gale, that *Jove* himselfe employd.
 And then amongst the cloudes, they might descrie,
 The Hill, that far-seene *Ithaca*, calls her Eie
Dulichius, *Samos*, and, (with timber grac't)
 Shadie *Zacynthus* But when now they past
Peloponesus all And then, when show'de
 The infinite Vale of *Crissa*, that doth shroud
 All rich *Moræa*, with her liberall brest.
 So francke a Gale, there flew out of the West,
 As all the skie discovered, twas so great,
 And blew so from the verie Counsell seat
 Of *Jove* himselfe that quickly it might send
 The ship through full Seas, to her journeys end
 From thence, they saild, (quite opposite) to the East,
 And to the Region, where light leaves his rest.
 The Light himselfe being sacred Pylot there,
 And made the Sea-trod ship, arive them nere
 The Grapefull *Crissa*, where he rest doth take,
 Close to her Port, and sands And then forth brake
 The far-shot King, like to a starre that strowes
 His glorious forehead, where the Mid-day glowes,
 That all in sparkles, did his state attire,

Whose Luster leapt up, to the spheare of fire;
 He trodd, where no waie op'te, and pierst the place
 That of his sacred Tripods, held the grace;
 In which, he lighted such a fluent flame,
 As guilt all *Crissa*, In which, every Dame
 And Dames faire daughter, cast out vehement cries
 At those fell fires, of *Phæbus* Prodigies
 That shaking feares, through all their fancies threw
 Then (lik the mindes swift light) Againe he flew
 Backe to the ship, shap't like a youth in Height
 Of all his graces shoulders broad, and streit,
 And all his haire, in golden currls enwrapt
 And to the Merchants, thus, his speech he shap't

Ho? strangers? what are you? and from what seat
 Saile ye these waies, that salt and water sweat?
 To traffick justlie? Or use vagrant scapes
 Voyde of all rule? Conferring wrongs, and Rapes
 (Like Pyrats) on the men, ye never sawe?
 With mindes project, exempt from list, or Lawe?
 Why sit ye heere so stupified? nor take
 Land while ye may? Nor deposition make
 Of Navall Arms? when this the fashion is
 Of men Industrious' who, (their faculties
 Wearied at sea,) leave ship, and use the land
 For foode, that with their healths, and stomacks stand

This said, with bold mindes, he their brest suppli'd,
 And thus made answer, the *Cretensian* guide;

Stranger? because, you seeme to us no seed
 Of any mortall, but celestially breed,
 For parts, and person, Joy your steps ensue,

And Gods make good, the blisse, we thinke your due
 Vouchsafe us true relation, on what land
 We here arive? and what men, here command?
 We were for well-knowne parts bound, and from *Crete*
 (Our vanted countrie) to the *Pylia*n seat
 Vow'd our whole voyage. Yet arive we here,
 Quite crosse to those wills, that our motions sterc
 Wishing to make returne some other way,
 Some other course desirous to assaie,
 To pay our lost paines But some God hath fill'd
 Our frustrate sayles, defeating what we will'd
Apollo answered. Strangers? though before
 Yee dwelt in wooddie *Gnossus*, yet no more
 Yee must be made, your owne Reciprocalls
 To your lov'd Cittie, and faire severalls
 Of wives, and houses But ye shall have here
 My wealthie Temple, honord farre and nere
 Of many a Nation for my selfe am Son
 To *Jove* himselfe, and of *Apollo* won
 The glorious Title, who thus safelie through
 The seas vast billows, still have held your plough
 No ill intending, that will let yee make
 My Temple here, your owne, and honors take
 Upon your selves, all that to me are given
 And more the counsailes of the King of Heaven,
 Your selves shall know, and with his will receive
 Ever the honors, that all men shall give.
 Doe as I say then instantly, strike saile,
 Take downe your Tackling, and your vessell hale
 Up, into land. your goods bring forth, and all

The instruments, that into sayling fall;
 Make on this shore, an Altar fire enflame;
 And barley white cakes, offer to my name.
 And then, (enviroming the Altar) pray,
 And call me, (as ye sawe me, in the day
 When from the windie seas, I brake swift way)
 Into your ship,) *Delphinus*. since I tooke
 A *Dolphins* forme then. And to every looke
 That there shall seeke it, that, my Altar shall
 Be made A *Delphian* memoriall
 From thence, for ever After this, ascend
 Your swift black ship, and sup, and then intend
 Ingenuous Offerings to the equall Gods
 That in celestiaall seates, make blest abods
 When, (having staid, your helthfull hungers sting)
 Come all with me, and *Io-Pæans* sing
 All the waies length, till you attaine the state,
 Where I, your oppulent Phane have consecrate
 To this, they gave him, passing diligent eare,
 And vow'd to his obedience, all they were
 First striking sayle, their tacklings then they los'd,
 And (with their Gables stoop't) their mast impos'd
 Into the Mast roome Forth, themselves then went,
 And from the sea into the Continent
 Drew up their ship, which farr up from the sand
 They rais'd, with ample rafters. Then, in hand
 They tooke the Altar, and inform'd it on
 The seas nere shore, imposing thereupon
 White cakes of barley Fire made, and did stand
 About it round; as *Phæbus* gave command:

A HYMNE TO APOLLO

Submitting Invocations to his will
 Then sacrific'd to all the heavenly Hill
 Of powrefull God-heads After which, they eat
 Abord their ship, till with fit foot repleat,
 They rose, nor to their Temple, us'd delay
 Whom *Phæbus* usherd, and toucht, all the way
 His heavenly Lute, with Art, above admir'd,
 Gracefully leading them When all were fir'd
 With zeale to him, and follow'd wondring, All,
 To *Pythos*, and upon his name did call
 With *Io-Pæans*, such as *Cretans* use
 And in their bosomes did the deified Muse
 Voices of honey-Harmonie, infuse

With never-wearie feet, their way they went,
 And made, with all alacritie, ascent
 Up to *Parnassus*, and that long'd-for place
 Where they should live, and be of men, the Grace
 When, all the way, *Apollo* shew'd them still
 Their farr-stretcht valleys, and their two-topt Hill,
 Their famous Phane, and all, that All could raise,
 To a supreame height, of their Joy, and praise

And then the *Cretan* Captaine, thus enquir'd
 Of King *Apollo*, Since you have retir'd
 (O Sovereigne) our sad lives, so farr from friends
 And native soile, (because so farr extends
 Your deare mindes pleasure) tell us how we shall
 Live in your service To which question call
 Our provident mindes, because we see not croun'd
 This soile, with store of vines, nor doth abound
 In welthie meddows, on which, we may live,

As well as on men, our attendance give.

He smil'd, and said, O men, that nothing know
And so are follow'd, with a world of woe,
That needs will succour care, and curious mone
And poure out sighs, without cessation,
Were all the riches of the earth your owne
Without much busines, I will render knowne,
To your simplicities, an easie way,
To wealth enough, Let every man purvate
Askeane, (or slaught'ring steele) and his right hand
(Bravely bestowing) evermore see mann'd
With killing sheepe, that to my Phane will flowe,
From all farr Nations On all which bestowe
Good observation, and all else they give
To me, make you your owne All, and so live
For all which, watch before my Temple well,
And all my counsailes, above all, conceale

If any give vaine language, or to deeds,
Yea, or as farr as injurie proceedes,
Know that, (at losers hands) for those that gaine,
It is the lawe of Mortalls, to sustaine

Besides, yee shall have Princes to obay,
Which, still, yee must, and (so yee gaine) yee may
All, now, is said, give All, thy memories stay

And thus to thee, (*Jove and Latona's Sonne*)
Be given all grace of salutation
Both thee and others of th'Immortall state,
My song shall memorize, to endlesse date

THE END OF THE HYMNE TO APOLLO

A HYMNE TO HERMES

HERMES, THE SONNE OF JOVE
AND MAIA, SING,
(O MUSE) TH' ARCADIAN,
& CYLLENIAN KING.

They rich in flocks, he heaven enriching still,
In Messages, return'd with all his will.
Whom glorious *Maia* (The Nymph rich in haire)
Mixing with *Jove*, in amorous affaire,
Brought forth to him sustaining a retreat
From all th' Immortalls of the blessed seat,
And living in the same darke Cave, where *Jove*
Inform'd, at mid-night, the effect of love,
Unknowne to either man or Deitie
Sweet sleepe once, having seas'd the jelous eye
Of *Juno*, deckt with wrists of ivorie
But when great *Joves* high minde was consummate,
The tenth moneth had in heaven confin'de the date
Of *Maia's* Labour, And into the sight
She brought, in one birth, Labours infinite
For then she bore a sonne, that all tried waies
Could turne, and winde, to wisht events, assaies.
A faire tongu'd, but false-hearted Counsellor
Rector of Ox-stealers, and for all stealths, bore
A varied finger Speeder of Nights spies
And guide of all her dreames obscurities.
Guard of dore-Guardians. and was borne to be
Amongst th' Immortalls, that wing'd Deitie,
That in an instant, should doe acts would aske
The Powres of others, an Eternall Taske.

Borne, in the Morne, He form'd his Lute at Noone,
At Night stole all the Oxen of the Sunne;
And all this in his Births first day was done;
Which was the fourth of the encreasing Moone.
Because Celestiall lims, sustain'd his straines,
His sacred swath-bands, must not be his chaines
So (starting up) to *Phabus* Herd' he stept,
Found strait, the high-roof't Cave where they were kept,
And (th' entrie passing) he th' invention found,
Of making Lutes, and did in wealth abound
By that Invention, Since He first of all,
Was author of that Engine Muscall
By this meane, mov'd to the ingenious worke
Nere the Caves inmost overture, did lurke
A *Tortois*, tasting th' odoriferous grasse,
Leisurely moving, and this Object was
The motive to *Joves* Sonne (who could convert
To profitabest uses, all desert
That nature had in any worke convaide)
To forme the Lute when (smiling) thus he said,
Thou mov'st in me, a note of excellent use,
Which thy ill forme, shall never so seduce
T' evert the good, to be inform'd by it,
In pliant force, of my forme-forging wit.

Then the slowe *Tortois*, wrought on by his minde,
He thus saluted, All joy to the kinde
Instinct of nature, in thee, Borne to be
The spirriter of Dances, companie
For feasts, and following Banquets; grac't and blest
For bearing light to all the interest

Claim'd in this Instrument. From whence shall spring
Play faire, and sweet, to which may Graces sing.
A prettie painted cote, thou putt'st on here
(*O Tortois*) while thy hill-bred vitall sphere
Confines thy fashion; but (surpris'd by me,)
I'll beare thee home, where thou shalt ever be
A Profit to me, and yet nothing more
Will I contemne thee, in my merited store.
Goods, with good parts got, worth and honour gave
Left goods, and honors, every foole may have
And since thou first, shalt give me meanes to live,
I'll love thee ever. Virtuous qualities give
To live at home with them, enough content,
Where those that want such inward ornament,
Fly out for outward, their life, made their lode,
Tis best to be at home, Harme lurks abroad
And certainly, thy vertue shall be knowne
Gainst great-yl- causing incantation,
To serve as for a Lance, Or Ammulet
And where, in comfort of thy vitall heat,
Thou now breathst but a sound confus'd, for song,
Expos'd by nature, after death, more strong
Thou shalt in sounds of Art be, and command
Song infinite sweeter Thus with either hand
He tooke it up, and instantly tooke flight
Back to his Cave, with that his home-delight.
Where, (giving to the Mountaine *Tortois* vents
Of life and motion) with fit Instruments
Forg'd of bright steele, he strait inform'd a Lute.
Put neck, and frets to it, of which, a sute

He made of splitted quills, in equall space
 Impos'd upon the neck, and did embrace
 Both backe, and bosome At whose height (as gynns
 T' extend, and ease the strings) he put in pynns.
 Seven strings, of severall tunes, he then applied;
 Made of the Entrailes of a sheepe well dried,
 And throughly twisted Next he did provide
 A Case for all, made of an Oxes Hyde,
 Out of his counsailes to preserve as well,
 As to create and all this Action fell
 Into an instant consequence His word,
 And worke, had individuall accord
 All being as swiftly to perfection brought,
 As any wordly mans, most ravisht thought,
 Whose minde, Care cuts, in an infinity
 Of varied parts, or passions instantly, }
 Or as the frequent twinklings of an eye }

And thus his House-delight given absolute end,
 He toucht it, and did every string extend
 (With an exploratorie spirit assaid)
 To all the parts, that could on it be plaid
 It sounded dreadfully, to which he sung,
 As if from thence, the first, and true force sprung
 That fashions Virtue God, in him did sing
 His play was likewise an unspeakable thing,
 Yet, but as an extemporall Assay,
 Of what shoue, it would make, being the first way,
 It tryed his hand, or a tumultuous noise,
 Such as at feasts, the first-flowr'd spirits of Boies
 Poure out in mutuall contumelies still.

A HYMNE TO HERMES

As little squaring with his curious will;
Or was as wanton, and untaught a Store
Of *Jove* and *Maia*, that rich shooes still wore,
He sung, who sufferd, ill reports before,
And foule staines, under her faire titles bore
But *Hermes* sung, her Nation, and her Name
Did itterate ever. All her high-flowne fame
Of being *Joves* Mistresse, celebrating all
Her traine of servants, and collaterall
Sumpture of Houses, all her Tripods there,
And Caldrons huge, encreasing every yeare
All which she knew, yet felt her knowledge stung
With her fames losse, which (found) she more wisht sung.
But now, he, in his sacred cradle laid
His Lute so absolute, and strait convaid
Himselfe up to a watch-towre, forth his house,
Rich, and divinely Odoriferous;
A loftie wile, at worke in his concept,
Thirsting the practise of his Empires height
And where Impostors rule, (since sable Night
Must serve their deeds) he did his deeds their right
For now the never-resting Sunne, was turn'd
For th' under earth, and in the Ocean burn'd
His Coch, and Coursers. When th' ingenious spie
Pieria's shadie hill, had in his eye;
Where the immortall Oxen of the Gods
In ayres flood solac't their select Abods,
And earths sweet greene floure, that was never shorne;
Fed ever downe; And these the wittie-borne
(*Argicides*,) set serious spie upon.

Severing from all the rest; and setting gone
Full fiftie of the violent Bellowers.
Which driving through the sands, he did reverse
(His births-craft strait remembring) all their hoves,
And them transpos'd, in opposite removes;
The fore, behinde set, The behinde, before,
T'employ the eyes, of such as should explore.
And he himselfe (as slye-pac't) cast away
His sandalls, on the sea-sands Past display;
And unexcogitable thoughts, in Act
Putting, to shunn, of his stolne steps, the Tract
Mixing, both Tamrisk, and like-Tamrisk sprayes,
In a most rare confusion, to raise
His footsteps up from earth Of which sprayes, he
(His armefull gathering, fresh from off the Tree,)
Made for his sandalls, Tyes, both leaves, and tyes
Holding together, and then fear'd no eyes
That could affect his feets discoveries

The Tamrisk boughs he gather'd, making way
Backe from *Pieria* but as to convaie
Provision in them, for his journey fit,
It being long, and therefore needing it

An ould man, now at labour, nere the field
Of greene *Onchestus*, knew the verdant yield
Of his fayre armefull, whom th'ingenious Sonne
Of *Maia*, therefore, salutation
Did thus beginn to, Ho? ould man! That now
Art crooked growne, with making Plants to grow!
Thy nerves will farr be spent, when these boughs shall
To these their leaves, confer me fruit, and All

A HYMNE TO HERMES

But see not thou, what ever thou dost see,
Nor heare, though heare; But all, as touching me
Conceale, since nought, it can endamage thee.

This, and no more he said, and on drave still
His brode-browd Oxen Many a shade Hill,
And many an echoing valley, many a field
Pleasant, and wishfull, did his passage yield
Their safe Transcension. But now, the divine
And black-browd Night (his Mistresse) did decline
Exceeding swiftly, Daies most earely light
Fast hasting to her first point, to excite
Wordlings to worke, and in her Watch-towre, shone,
King *Pallas-Megamedes* seed, (the Moone)
When through th' *Alphean* flood, *Joves* powerfull Sonne)
Phæbus-Apollo's ample-foreheaded Herd
(Whose necks, the laboring yoke, had never spher'd)
Drave swiftly on, and then into a stall
(Hillie, yet past to, through an humble vale
And hollow Dells, in a most lovely Meade)
He gatherd all, and them divinely fedd
With Odorous Cypressse; and the ravishing Tree
That makes his Eaters, lose the memorie
Of name, and countrie. Then he brought, withall,
Much wood, whose sight, into his serch let fall
The Art of making fire Which thus he tried,
He tooke a branch of Lawrell, amplified
Past others, both in beautie, and in sise,
Yet, lay next hand, rubb'd it, and strait did rise
A warme fume from it Steele, being that did raise
(As Agent) the attenuated Baies

To that hot vapor So that, *Hermes* found
Both fire first, and of it, the seede, close bound
In other substances, and then, the seed
He multiplied, of sere-wood making feed
The apt heat of it, in a pile Combin'de,
Laid in a lowe Pit, that in flames strait shin'de,
And cast a sparkling crack up to the Skye,
All the drie parts, so fervent were, and hye
In their combustion. And how long the force
Of glorious *Vulcan*, kept the fire in course,
So long was he, in dragging from their stall,
Two of the crook-hancht Herd that ror'd withall,
And rag'd for feare, t'approch the sacred fire
To which did all, his dreadfull powrs aspire
When (blustring forth their breath) He on the soile,
Cast both, at length, though with a world of toile.
For long he was, in getting them to ground
After their through-thrust, and most mortall wound.
But worke, to worke, he join'd, the flesh and cut,
Coverd with fat, and (on treene broches put)
In peeces roasted But, in th'Intestines
The black blood, and the honorarie chines,
Together with the carcasses, lay there
Cast on the cold earth, as no Deities chere.
The Hydes, upon a rugged rock hespred,
And thus were these now, all in peeces shred,
And undistinguisht from Earths common herd
Though borne for long date, and to heaven endear'd;
And now must ever live, in dead event.
But *Hermes*, herehence, having his content,

A HYMNE TO HERMES

Car'd for no more, but drew to places even,
The fat-works, that, of force, must have for heaven
Their capitall ends, though stolne; and therefore were
In twelve parts cut, for twelve choice Deities chere,
By this devotion. To all which, he gave
Their severall honors, and did wish to have
His equall part thereof, as free, and well
As th' other Deities, but the fattie smell
Afflicted him, though he immortall were;
Play'ng mortall parts, and being, (like mortalls) here
Yet his proud minde, nothing the more obayde
For being a God, himselfe, and his owne aide
Having to cause his due And though in heart
Hee highly wisht it, but the weaker part
Subdu'd the stronger, and went on, in ill
Even heavenly Powre, had rather have his Will,
Then have his Right, and will's the worst of All,
When but in least sort, it is criminall,
One Taint, being Author of a Number, still
And thus (resolv'd to leave his hallow'd Hill)
First, both the fat parts, and the fleshie, All
Taking away, at the steepe-entryed stall
He laid all, All, the feet and heads entire,
And all the sere-wood, making cleare with fire
And now, he leaving there then, all things done
And finisht, in their fit perfection,
(The Coles put out, and their black Ashes throwne
From all discoverie, by the lovely light
The cherefull Moone cast; shyning all the Night)
He strait assum'd a novell voices note;

And in the whirle-pit-eating-flood, afloat
He set his sandalls. When now, once againe
The-that-morne-borne-Cyllennus, did attaine
His Homes divine height, all the farr-stretcht waie
No one blest God, encountring, his assaie,
Nor Mortall Man, nor any Dogg durst spend
His-borne-to-barke-mouth at him, till, in th' end,
He reacht his Cave, and at the Gate went in
Crooked, and wrapt into a fold so thin,
That no eye could discover his repayre,
But as a darknesse, of th' Autumnall ayre.
When, going on, fore-right, he strait arriv'd
At his rich Phane his soft feet quite depriv'd
Of all least noise, of one that trod the earth,
They trod so swift, to reach his roome of Birth.
Where, In his swath-hands, he his shoulders wrapt,
And (like an Infant, newly having scap't
The teeming streights) as in the Palms he lay
Of his lov'd Nurse Yet instantly would play
(Freeing his right hand) with his bearing cloth
About his knees wrapt, and strait (loosing both
His right and left hand) with his left, he caught
His most-lov'd Lute. His Mother yet, was taught
His wanton wiles, nor could a Gods wit lie
Hid from a Goddesse, who did therefore trye
His answer, thus. Why (thou made all of sleight)
And whence ariv'st thou, in this rest of Night?
Improvident Impudent, In my concept
Thou rather shouldst be getting forth thy Gate,
With all flight fit, for thy endanger'd State,

(In merit of th' Inevitable bands,
 To be impos'd by vext *Latona's* hands
 Justly incens'd for her *Apollo's* harms)
 Then ly thus wrapt, as ready for her arms,
 To take thee up, and kisse thee Would to heaven
 (In crosse of that high grace) Thou hadst beene given
 Up to Perdition; ere poore mortalls beare
 Those blacke banes, that thy father Thunderer
 Hath planted thee of purpose to confer,
 On them, and Deities He return'd repleie;
 As Master of the feates of Policie,
 Mother? why ayme you thus amisse at me?
 As if I were a Sonne that Infancie
 Could keepe from all the skill, that Age can teach?
 Or had in cheating, but a childish reach?
 And of a Mothers mandats, fear'd the breach?
 I mount that Art at first, that will be best
 When all times consummate their cunningest.
 Able to counsaile, Now my selfe, and thee,
 In all things best, to all Eternitie
 We cannot live like Gods here, without gifts,
 No, nor without corruption, and shifts
 And much lesse, without eating, as we must
 In keeping thy rules, and in being Just,
 Of which we cannot undergoe the lodes
 Tis better here, to Imitate the Gods,
 And wine, or wench out all times Periods,
 To that end, growing rich in readie heapes;
 Stor'd with Revennews; being in corne-fielde reapes
 Of infinite Acres; then to live enclos'd

In Caves, to all Earths sweetest ayre expos'd.
 I, as much honor hold, as *Phæbus* does,
 And if my Father please not to dispose
 Possessions to me, I my selfe will see
 If I can force them in, for I can be
 Prince of all Theeves And if *Latona's* Sonne
 Make after my stealth, Indignation;
 I'll have a Scape, as well as he a Serch,
 And overtake him with a greater lurch.
 For I can post to *Pythos*, and breake through,
 His huge house, there, where harbors wealth enough,
 Most precious Tripods, Caldrons, Steele, and Gold,
 Garments rich wrought, and full of liberall fold.
 All which will I, at pleasure owne, and thow
 Shalt see all, wilt thou but thy sight bestow
 Thus chang'd great words, the Gote-hyde-wearers Sonne
 And *Maia*, of Majestique fashion.

And now the Ayre-begot *Aurora* rose
 From out the Ocean-great-in-ebbs-and flows,
 When, at the never-shorne, pure-and-faire Grove,
 (*Onchestus*) consecrated to the love
 Of round and long-neckt *Neptune*, *Phæbus* found
 A man whom heavie yeares, had prest halfe round,
 And yet at worke, in plashing of a Fence
 About a Vineyard, that had residence
 Hard by the high-way, whom *Latona's* Sonne,
 Made it not strange, but first did question,
 And first saluted Ho? you? Aged syre
 That here are hewing from the Vine, the Bryre; }
 For certaine Oxen, I come here t'enquire

Out of *Pieria*, femalls All, and rer'd
 All, with hornes wreath'd, unlike the common Herde,
 A Cole-black Bull, fed by them all alone,
 And all observ'd for preservation
 Through all their foodie, and delicious Fen, .
 With foure fierce Mastifs, like one-minded men.
 These left their Doggs, and Bull; (which I admire)
 And when was nere set, Daies eternall fire;
 From their fierce Guardians, from their delicate fare,
 Made clere departure To me then declare,
 (O ould man, long since borne) If thy grave raie
 Hath any man seene, making stealthfull waie
 With all those Oxen' Th' olde man made replie, }
 Tis hard (O friend) to render readily,
 Account of all, that may invade mine eye, }
 For many a Travailer, this high-way tredds,
 Some in much ills serch, some, in noble thredds
 Leading their lives out, but I, this young Day
 Even from her first point, have made good display,
 Of all men, passing this abundant hill,
 Planted with Vines, and no such stealthfull ill,
 Her light hath showne me But last Evening late,
 I sawe a Thing, that shew'd of childish state,
 To my ould lights, and seem'd as he pursude
 A Herd of Oxen, with brave Heads indude;
 Yet but an Infant, and retaine a Rodd,
 Who warilie, both this, and that way trodd,
 His head still backwards turn'd. This th' ould Man spake,
 Which he well thought upon, and swiftly brake
 Into his Pursuit, with abundant wing;
 That strooke but one plaine, ere he knew the thing

That was the Theefe, to be th' Impostor borne;
 Whom *Jove* yet, with his Sonnes name did adorne.
 In studie, and with Ardor, then the King
 (*Joves* dazeling Sonne) plac't his exploring wing
 On sacred *Pylos*, for his forced Heard,
 His ample shoulders, in a cloud' enspear'd
 Offierie chrimsine Strait, the steps he found
 Of his stolne Herd And said, Strange sights confound
 My apprehensive powers, for here I see
 The Tracts of Oxen, but aversivelie
 Converted towards the Pierian Hills,
 As tredding to their Meade of Daffodills,
 But, nor mine eye, Mens feet, nor Womens drawes,
 Nor hoarie Wolves, nor Beares, nor Lyons Paws,
 Nor thick-neckt Bulls they show But hee that does,
 These monstrous Deeds, with never so swift shooes,
 Hath past from that howre hither, but from hence,
 His foule course, may meete, fouler consequence.
 With this, tooke *Phæbus* wing, and *Hermes* still,
 (For all his Threats) secure lay in his Hill
 Wall'd with a woodd, and more, a Rock, beside
 Where a Retreat rann, deeply multiplide
 In blinding shadows, and where th' endlesse Bride;
 Bore to *Saturnus*, his Ingenious Sonne:
 An Odor, worth a Hearts desire, being throwne,
 Along the Heaven-sweet Hill, on whose Herb, fedd,
 Rich flocks of sheepe, that bow not where they tredd
 Their horney Pasterns. There, the light of Men, }
 (*Joves* Sonne *Apollo*) strait descended then, }
 The Marble Pavement, in that gloomie Den,
 On whom, when *Jove*, and *Maia's* Sonne set eye,

Wroth for his Oxen: On then, instantly
 His Odorous swath-bands, flew; in which, as close
 Th' Impostor lay, As in the coole repose
 Of cast-on Ashes, Harths of burning Coles
 Ly in the woods hidd, under the Controules
 Of skilfull Colyers: Even so close did lie
 Inscrutable *Hermes* in *Apollo's* eye
 Contracting his great God-head, to a small
 And Infant likenesse, feet, hands, head and All.
 And as a Hunter hath beene often viewd,
 From Chace retir'd with both his hands embrewd
 In his Games blood, that doth for water call
 To clense his hands, And to provoke withall
 Delightsome sleepe, new washt and laid to rest,
 So now lay *Hermes* in the close comprest
 Chace of his Oxen His New-found-out Lute,
 Beneath his arme held, As if no pursuite
 But that Prise, and the virtue of his play,
 His heart affected But to *Phæbus*, lay,
 His close Heart, open And he, likewise, knew
 The brave Hyll-Nymph there, and her deare Sonne, new-
 Borne, and as well wrapt, in his wiles, as weed's
 All the close shroud's too, for his Rapinous deedes,
 In All the Cave, he knew: and with his key
 He open'd three of them, In which there lay
 Silver, and Gold-heapes Nectar infinite store;
 And Deare *Ambrosia*, and of weedes she wore,
 (Pure white, and Purple) A rich Wardrobe shin'de,
 Fit for the blest States, of powrs so divin'de.
 All which discoverd; Thus to *Mercurie*

He offerd Conference: Infant? you that lie
Wrapt so in swath-bands. Instantly unfold
In what conceald Retreats of yours you hold
My Oxen stolne by you, Or strait we shall
Jarr, as beseemes not, powrs Celestiall.
For I will take, and hurle Thee to the Deepes
Of dismall Tartarus, where ill Death keeps
His gloomie, and inextricable fates,
And to no Eye, that light Illuminates,
Mother, nor Father, shall returne thee free,
But under Earth, shall Sorrow fetter thee,
And few repute thee, their Superiour.

On him replied, Crafts subtlest Counsailor,
What cruell speech, hath past *Latona's* Care!
Seekes he his stolne-wilde-Cows, where Deities are?
I have nor seene, nor heard, nor can report;
From others mouthes, one word of their resort
To any stranger Nor will I, to gaine
A base Reward, a false Relation faine
Nor would I, Could I tell Resemble I
An Ox-Theefe? Or a Man? Especiallie
A man of such a courage, such a force
As to that labour goes? That violent course?
No Infants worke is That My powres aspire
To sleepe, and quenching of my hungers fire
With Mothers Milke, and gainst cold shades, to arme
With Cradle-cloths, my shoulders, and Baths warme,
That no man may conceive, the warr you threat
Can spring, in cause, from my so peacefull heat.
And even amongst th'Immortalls it would beare

Event of absolute Miracle, to heare
 A new-borne Infants forces should transcend
 The limits of his Dores, much lesse contend
 With untam'd Oxen. This speech nothing seemes
 To savour the Decorum of the Beames
 Cast round about the Ayre *Apollo* breakes,
 Where his divine minde, her intention speakes.
 I brake but yesterday, the blessed wombe;
 My feet are tender, and the common Tombe
 Of men, (the Earth) lies sharpe beneath their tred.
 But, (if you please) even by my Fathers head
 I'll take the great Oath, That nor I protest
 My selfe, to Author on your Interest
 Any such usurpation, Nor have I
 Seene any other, that feloniously
 Hath forc't your Oxen Strange thing' what are those
 Oxen of yours? Or what are Oxen? knowes
 My rude minde, thinke you? My eares onely touch
 At their renowne, and heare that there are such.

This speech he past, and ever as he spake
 Beames from the hayre, about his eye-lidds brake,
 His eye-brows, up, and downecast, and his eye!
 Every way look't, askans, and careleslie.
 And he, into a loftie whistling fell,
 As if he idle thought, *Apollo's* spell.

Apollo (gently smiling) made Replie,
 O thou Impostor! whose thoughts ever lye
 In labour with Deceit! For certaine, I
 Retaine Opinion, that thou, (even thus soone)
 Hast ransackt, many a House, and not in one

Nights-worke alone, nor in one Countre neither
Hast beene beseiging, House and Man together;
Rigging, and rifeling all waies, and no Noise
Made with thy soft feete, where it all destroies.
Soft therefore, well, and tender thou maist call
The feet that thy stealths, goe, and fly withall.
For many a field-bredd Herdsman, (unheard still)
Hast thou made drowne, the Caverns of the Hill
Where his Retreates lie, with his helplesse teares,
When any flesh-stealth thy desire endearas,
And thou encountrest, either flocks of sheepe
Or Herds of Oxen' up then! doe not sleepe
Thy last Nap, in thy Cradle, but come downe;
(Companion of black Night) and for this Crowne
Of thy young Rapines, beare (from all) the state
And stile of Prince Theefe, into endlesse Date.

This said, he tooke the Infant in his Armes,
And with him, the remembrance of his harmes;
This Præsage utt'ring, lifting him aloft,
Be ever more, the miserable-soft
Slave of the bellie, Pursuivant of all
And Author, of all mischiefs Capitall.

Hescorn'd his Prophetie so, he Nees'd in's face
Most forcible (which hearing) his embrace
Heloth'd, and hurl'd him gainst the ground; yet still
Tooke seate before him; though, (with all the ill
He bore by him) he would have left full faine
That Hewer of his heart, so into twaine.
Yet salv'd all thus; Come! (you so swadl'd thing,
Issue of *Maisa*, and the Thunders King,

Be confident; I shall hereafter finde
 My brode-browd Oxen. My Prophetique minde
 So farr from blaming this thy course, that I,
 Foresee thee, (in it,) to Posteritie
 The guide of All Men, (All waies,) to their ends.

This spoken, *Hermes*, from the Earth Ascends;
 Starting Aloft, and as in Studie went,
 Wrapping himselfe, in his Integument,
 And thus askt *Phæbus*, Whither force you Me
 (Farr-shot, and farr most powrefull Deitie?)
 I know (for all your fayning) y' are still wroth,
 About your Oxen, and suspect my Troth
 O *Jupiter*? I wish the generall Race
 Of all Earths Oxen, rooted from her face
 I steale your Oxen? I againe, professe
 That neither, I, have stolne them, nor can ghesse
 Who else should steale them What strange Beasts are these
 Your so-lov'd Oxen? I must say (to please
 Your humor thus farr) that even My few Hoowres
 Have heard their fame But be the sentence yours
 Of the Debate betwixt us, Or to *Jove*
 (For more indifferencie) the Cause remove

Thus when the Solitude-affecting God,
 And the *Latonian* seede, had laid abroad
 All things betwixt them, (though not yet agreed,
 Yet, might I speake) *Apollo* did proceede
 Nothing unjustly, to charge *Mercurie*
 With stealing of the Cows, he does denie.
 But his Profession was, with filed speach,
 And Crafts faire Complements, to overreach

All, and even *Phæbus* Who because he knew
 His Trade of subtiltie, He still at view
 Hunted his Foe, though all the sandie waie
 Up to *Olympus* Nor would let him strae
 From out his fight, but kept behinde him still

And now they reacht, the Odoriferous Hill
 Of high *Olympus*, to their Father *Jove*,
 To Arbitrate the Cause, in which they strove
 Where, before both, Talents of justice were
 Propos'd for him, whom *Jove* should sentence Clere,
 In cause of their contention And now
 About *Olympus*, (ever-crown'd with snow)
 The rumor of their controversie flew
 All the Incorruptible, to their view,
 On heavens steepe Mountaine, made return'd repaire

Hermes and He, that light hurls through the ayre,
 Before the Thunderers knees stood who begunn,
 To question thus farr, his Illustrious Sonns

Phæbus? To what end bringst thou Captive here
 Him in whom my Minde, putts delights so deare?
 This New-borne Infant? that the place supplies
 Of Herrald yet, to all the Deities?

This serious busines, you may witnesse, drawes
 The Deities whole Court, to discusse the cause

Phæbus replied And not unworthie is
 The cause, of all the Court of Deities
 For you shall heare, it comprehends the weight
 Of Devastation, and the verie height
 Of spoile, and rapine, even of Deities rights
 Yet you (as if my selfe lov'd such delights)

Use words that wound my heart. I bring you here
 An Infant, that, even now, admits no Pere
 In rapes and robb'ries Finding out, his Place,
 (After my measure of an infinite space)
 In the *Cyllenian* Mountaine Such a one
 In all the Art of opprobation,
 As not in all the Deities, I have seene,
 Nor in th' Oblivion-marckt-whole Race of men
 In Night, he drave my Oxen from their Leas,
 Along the loftie rore-resounding Seas
 From out the Rode way quite the steps of them
 So quite transpos'd, as would amaze the beame
 Of any mindes eye being so infinite much
 Involv'd in doubt, as showd a Deified touch
 Went to the works performance All the way
 Through which, my cross-hov'd Cows hee did convaie,
 Had dust so darklie-hard to serch, and He
 So past all measure, wrapt in subtiltie
 For, nor with feet, nor hands, he form'd his steps,
 In passing through the drie waies sandie heap's
 But us'd another counsaile to keepe hidd
 His monstrous Tracts, that showd as one had slid
 On Oke, or other Boughs, That swept out still
 The footsteps of his Oxen, and did fill
 Their prints up ever; to the Daffodill
 (Or daintie feeding Meddow) as they trodd,
 Driven by this cautelous, and Infant God

A Mortall Man yet, saw him driving on
 His Prey to *Pylus* Which when he had done
 And got his Passe sign'd, with a sacred fire

In peace, and freely (though to his desire
 Not to the Gods, he offerd part of these
 My ravisht Oxen) he retires, and lies
 Like to the gloomie Night in his dimm Denn,
 All hid in darknesse, and in clouts againe,
 Wrapt him so closely, that the sharpe-seene eye
 Of your owne Eagle, could not see him lye.
 For with his hands, the ayre he rarified
 (This way, and that mov'd) till bright gleames did glide
 About his Being, that if any eye
 Should dare the Darknesse, Light appos'd so nee }
 Might blinde it quite, with her Antipathie
 Which wile he wove, in curious care t'illude
 Th'Extreame of any eye, that could intrude.
 On which relying, he outrageouslie
 (When I accus'd him) trebled his replie, {
 I did not see, I did not heare, nor I
 Will tell at all, that any other stole
 Your brode-browd Beeves Which an Impostors soule
 Would soone have done, and any Author faine
 Of purpose onely, a Reward to gaine
 And thus he colourd truth, in every lie
 This said, *Apollo* sate, and *Mercurie*,
 The Gods Commander, pleas'd with this replie.
 Father! I'll tell the truth, (for I am true
 And farr from Art to lie.) He did pursue
 Even to my Cave, his Oxen. this selfe daie,
 The Sunn, new raising his illustrious raie.
 But brought with him, none of the Bliss-indu'd,
 Nor any ocular witsesse, to conclude,

His bare assertion But his owne command
Laid on with strong, and necessarie hand,
To shewe his Oxen Using Threats to cast
My poore, and Infant powrs, into the Vast
Of ghastlie *Tartarus*, because he beares
Of strength- sustayning youth, the flaming yeares
And I, but yesterday produc't to light
By which, it fell into his owne fre sight
That I, in no similitude apper'd
Of powre to be the forcer of a Herde.
And credite me (O Father, since the Grace
Of that name, in your stile, you please to place)
I drave not home his Oxen, no nor preast
Past mine owne threshold, for tis manifest,
I reverence, with my soule, the Sunn, and all
The knowing dwellers, in this heavenly Hall
Love you, observe the least and tis most cleare
In your owne knowledge, that my Merits beare
No least guilt of his blame To all which, I,
Dare adde, heavens great oath, boldly swearing by
All these so well-built Entries of the Blest
And therefore when I saw my selfe so prest
With his reproches, I confesse I burn'd
In my pure gall, and harsh replie return'd
Adde your aid to your Yonger then, and free
The scruple fixt in *Phæbus* Jelousie

This said, he winckt upon his Sire, and still
His swath-bands, held beneath his arme, no Will
Discernd in him, to hide, but have them showne
Jove laught aloud at his Ingenious Sonne,

Quitting himselfe with Art, so likely wrought,
As showd in his heart, not a rapinous thought.
Commanding Both, to beare attoned mindes
And seeke out th' Oxen, In which serch he bindes
Hermes to play the Guide, and show the Sunn
(All grudge exilde) the Shrowd to which he wunn
His fayre-eyd Oxen Then, his forehead bow'd
For signe it must be so, and *Hermes* show'd
His free obedience So soone, he enclin'd
To his perswasion, and command, his minde.

Now then, *Joves* Jarring Sonnes, no longer stood,
But sandie *Pylos*, and th' *Alphæan* flood
Reacht instantly, and made as quick a fall
On those rich-feeding fields, and loftie stall
Where *Phæbus* Oxen, *Hermes* safelie kept,
Driven in, by night When sodainely he stept
Up to the stonie Cave, and into light
Drave forth the Oxen. *Phæbus* at first sight
Knew them the same and saw apart dispread
Upon a high-rai'd rock, the hydes new flead
Of th' Oxen sacrificis'd Then *Phæbus* said,
O thou in craftie counsailes undisplaid!
How couldst thou cut the throtes, and cast to Earth
Two such huge Oxen? being so young a birth,
And a mere Infant? I admire thy force
And will, behinde thy back But this swift course
Of growing into strength, thou hadst not need
Continue any long Date, O thou seed
Of honor'd *Maia*! *Hermes*, (to shew how
He did those Deedes) did forthwith cut and bow

A HYMNE TO HERMES

Strong Osiers in soft folds, and strapp'l'd strait
One of his hugest Oxen all his weight
Lay'ng prostrate on the earth, at *Phæbus* feet.
All his foure cloven hoves, easily made to greet
Each other upwards, all, together brought.
In all which bands yet, all the Beasts powres wrought
To rise, and stand, when all the Herd about
The mighty *Hermes*, rusht in, to help out
Their fellow from his fetters, *Phæbus* view
Of all this, up to Admiration drew
Even his high forces And sterne lookes he threw)
At *Hermes* for his Herds wrong, and the place
To which he had retir'd them, being in grace
And fruitfull riches of it, so entire
All which, set all his force, on envious fire.
All whose heat, flew out of his eyes in flames.
Which faine he would have hidd, to hide the shames
Of his ill govern'd passions But with ease
Hermes could calme them, and his humors please
Still at his pleasure, were he ne're so great
In force, and fortitude, and high in heat.
In all which, he his Lute tooke, and assaid
A Song upon him, and so strangely plaid,
That from his hand, a ravishing horror flew.'
Which *Phæbus*, into laughter turn'd, and grew
Pleasant past measure Tunes so artfull clere
Strooke even his heart-strings, & his minde, made heare.
His Lute so powerfull was, in forcing love,
(As his hand rul'd it) that from him it drove
All feare of *Phæbus*; yet he gave him still

The upper hand, and (to advance his skill)
To utmost Miracle, he plaid sometimes,
Single awhile, In which, when all the Clymes
Of rapture he had reacht, (to make the Sunn
Admire enough) O then, his voice would runn
Such points upon his play, and did so move,
They tooke *Apollo* Prisoner to his love
And now the deathlesse Gods, and deathfull Earth
He sung, beginning, at their eithers Birth,
To full extent of all their Emperie.
And, first, the honor to *Mnemosyne*
(The Muses Mother) of all Goddesse states
He gave, even forc't too't, by the equall fates
And then (as it did in Prioritie fall
Of Age, and Birth) He celebrated All
And with such Elegance, and Order sung,
(His Lute still toucht, to stick more off his tongue)
That *Phæbus* heart, with infinite love, he eate
Who therefore thus, did his Deserts entreate.

Master of Sacrifice! chiefe soule of feast?
Patient of all paines? Artizan so blest,
That all things thou canst doe, in any One.
Worth fiftie Oxen is th' Invention
Of this one Lute We both, shall now, I hope,
In firme peace, worke, to all our wishes scope
Informe me, (thou that every way canst winde,
And turne to Act, all wishes of thy minde)
Together with thy birth, came all thy skill?
Or did some God, or God-like man instill
This heavenly song to thee? Me thinks I heare

A new voice, such as never yet came nere
 The brest of any, either Man, or God,
 Till in thee, it had Prime, and Period
 What Art? what Muse? that medicine can produce
 For cares most curelesse? what inveterate use,
 Or practise of a virtue so profuse, }
 (Which three, doe all the contribution keepe
 That Joy, or Love conferrs, or pleasing Sleepe)
 Taught thee the soveraigne facture of them all?
 I, of the Muses, am the capitall
 Consort, or follower (and to these belong
 The grace of dance, all worthie waies of song,
 And ever-florishing verse the delicate Set
 And sound of Instruments) But never yet
 Did any thing so much affect my minde
 With joy, and care to compasse, as this kinde
 Of Song and Play that for the spritely feast
 Of flourishing assemblies, are the best
 And aptest works, that ever Worth gave Act
 My powres with admiration stand distract,
 To heare, with what a hand to make in love,
 Thou rul'st thy Lute. And (though thy yongst howres move
 At full art, in ould counsailes Here I vow
 (Even by this Cornell Dart, I use to throw)
 To thee, and to thy Mother, I'll make thee
 Amongst the Gods, of glorious degree
 Guide of Mens waies, and Theirs And will impart
 To thee, the mightie Imperatorie Art
 Bestowe rich gifts on thee, and in the end
 Never deceive thee. *Hermes* (as a friend

That wrought on all advantage; and made gaine
His Capitall object) thus did entertaine
Phabus Apollo: Doe thy Dignities
(Farr-working God, and circularlie wise)
Demand my vertues? without envie I
Will teach thee to ascend my facultie.
And this Day thou shalt reach it, finding me,
In Acts and Counsailes, all waies kinde to thee,
As one that all things knows, And first tak'st seat
Amongst th'Immortalls, being good, and great.
And therefore to *Joves* love, mak'st free accesse,
Even out of his accomlisht Holinesse
Great gifts, he likewise gives thee, who (fame saies)
Hast wunn thy greatnesse, by his will his waies.
By him know'st all the powers Propheticall
(O thou farr-worker) and the fates of all
Yea, and I know thee rich, yet apt to learne
And even thy Wish, dost but discern, and earne
And since thy soule, so burns to know the way
To play and sing as I doe sing, and play
Play, and perfection in thy play employ,
And be thy care, to learne things good, thy Joy.
Take thou my Lute (My Love) and give thou me,
The glorie of so great a facultie
This sweet-tun'd consort, held but in thy hand,
Sing, and perfection in thy song command.
For thou, alreadie, hast the way to speake
Fayrely, and elegantly, and to breake
All eloquence into thy utterd minde
One gift from heaven found, may another finde.

Use then, securely, this thy gift, and goe
 To feasts, and dances, that enamour so,
 And to that covetous sport of getting glory,
 That Day, nor Night, will suffer to be sory
 Whoever, does but say, in verse, sings still.
 Which he that can, of any other skill
 Is capable; so he be taught by Art,
 And wisdom, and can speake, at every part
 Things pleasing to an understanding Minde
 And such a one, that seekes this Lute, shall finde.
 Him still it teaches easely, though he plaies
 Soft voluntaries onely, and assaies
 As wanton, as the sports of children are.
 And (even when he aspires to singular
 In all the Mast'ries he shall play or sing)
 Findes the whole worke, but an unhappie thing }
 He (I say) sure, shall of this Lute be King.
 But he, whoever, rudely sets upon,
 Of this Lutes skill, th'Inquest, or Question,
 Never so ardently, and angrilie,
 Without the aptnesse, and habilitie
 Of Art, and Nature fitting never shall
 Aspire to this, but utter triviall
 And idle accents, though sung ne're so lowd,
 And never so commended of the Crowde.
 But thee I know (O Eminent Sonne of Jove)
 The fiery Learner, of what ever Love
 Hath sharpn'd thy affections to achive.
 And thee, I give this Lute, let us now live
 Feeding upon the Hill-and-horse-fed Earth

Our never-handled Oxen. whose deare Birth
(Their femalls fellowd with their Males) let flowe
In store enough hereafter, nor must you
(How-ever-cunning hearted your wits are)
Boile in your Gall, a Grudge too circulare.

Thus gave he him his Lute, which he embrac't,
And gave againe, a Gode, whose bright head cast
Beames like the light forth, leaving to his care
His Oxens keeping Which, with joy full fare,
He tooke on him. The Lute *Apollo* tooke
Into his left hand, and aloft he shooke
Delightsome sounds up, to which God did sing
Then were the Oxen, to their endlesse Spring
Turn'd, and *Joves* Two illustr'ous Off-springs flew
Up to *Olympus*, where it ever snew,
Delighted with their Lutes sound all the way.
Whom *Jove*, much joy'd to see, and endlesse stay
Gave to their knot of friendship From which date,
Hermes gave *Phæbus*, an eternall state
In his affection whose sure pledge and signe
His Lute was, and the Doctrine so divine,
Jointly conferr'd on him Which well might be
True Symbole of his Loves simplicitie.

On th' other part; *Apollo*, in his friend
Form'd th' Art of Wisedome; to the binding end
Of his vow'd friendship, and (for further meede)
Gave him the farr-heard fistularie Reede

For all these forms of friendship, *Phæbus* yet
Feard that both forme, and substance were not mett
In *Mercurie's* intentions: and, in plaine,

Said, (since he saw him, borne to craft and gaine;
 And that *Joves* will had him the honor done,
 To change at his will, the possession
 Of other Gods) he fear'd his breach of vowes,
 In stealing both his Lute, and cunning Bowes. '
 And therefore wisht, that what the Gods affect,
 Himselfe would witnesse; and to his request
 His head Bow; swearing by th'Impetuous flood
 Of *Styx*, that of his whole possessions, not a Good
 He would diminish, but therein maintaine
 The full content, in which his Minde did raigne
 And then did *Maia's* Sonne, his fore-head bow
 Making, by all that he desir'd, his vow
 Never to prey more upon any Thing,
 In just possession of the farr-shot King,
 Nor ever to come neare, a House of his
 Latonian Phæbus, bowd his Brow to this,
 With his like promise, say'ng, Not any One
 Of all the Gods, nor any Man, that, Sonne
 Is to *Saturnius*, is more deare to me,
 More trusted, nor more honord, is then thee }
 Which, yet, with greater Gifts of Deitie,
 In future I'll confirme, and give thy state
 A Rodd that riches shall accumulate,
 Nor leave the bearer, thrall to Death, or fate
 Or any sicknesse. All of Gold it is,
 Three-leav'd; and full of all felicities
 And this shall be thy Guardian, this shall give
 The Gods to thee, in all the truth they live.
 And finally, shall this the Tutresse be

Of all the words, and workes, informing me
From *Joves* high counsailes, making knowne to thee
All my instructions. But to Prophesie
(O best of *Joves* belov'd) and that high skill;
Which to obtaine, lies burning in thy will,
Nor thee, nor any God, will Fate let learne
Onely *Joves* minde, hath insight to discerne
What that importeth, yet am I allowd
(My knowne faith trusted, and my forehead bowd,
Our great Oath taken, to resolve to none
Of all th' Immortalls, the restriction
Of that deepe knowledge) of it All, the Minde.
Since then it sits, in such fast bounds confinde,
(O Brother) when the Golden rodd is held }
In thy strong hand, seeke not to have reveal'd }
Any sure fate, that *Jove* will have conceal'd. }
For no man shall, by know'ng, prevent his fate,
And therefore will I hold, in my free state
The powre, to hurt and helpe, what man I will,
Of all the greatest, or least toucht with ill;
That walke within the Circle of mine eye;
In all the Tribes, and Sexes, it shall trye.

Yet, truely, any man shall have his will
To reape the fruites of my Prophetique skill;
Whoever seekes it, by the voice, or wing
Of Birds, borne truely, such events to sing.
Nor will I falsly, nor with fallacies
Infringe the truth, on which his faith relies;
But he that Truths, in chattering plumes would finde,
(Quite opposite to them, that prompt my Minde,)

And learne by naturall forgers of vaine lyes,
 The more-then-ever-certaine Deities,
 That man shall Sea-waies tred, that leave no Tracts,
 And false, or no guide finde, for all his facts
 And yet will I, his Gifts accept as well
 As his, to whom, the simple truth I tell.

One other thing to thee, I'le yet make knowne
 (*Maia's* exceedingly renowned sonne
 And *Joves*; and of the Gods whole session
 The most ingenious Genius) There dwell
 Within a crooked Crannie, in a Dell
 Beneath *Parnassus*, certaine sisters borne,
 Call'd *Parcæ*, whom extreame swift wings adorne,
 Their Number three, that have upon their heads
 White Barly floure still sprinckled, and are maids,
 And these are schoole-Mistresses of things to come,
 Without the gift of Prophecie of whom
 (Being but a boy, and keeping Oxen, nere)
 I learn'd their skill; though my great Father were
 Careles of it, or them These flying from home,
 To others roofes, and fedd with Hony-come,
 Command all skill, and (being enraged then)
 Will freely tell the Truths of things to Men.
 But if they give them not, that Gods sweete meat;
 They then are apt, to utter their deceit,
 And leade Men from their way. And these will I
 Give thee hereafter, when their scrutinie
 And truth; thou hast both made, and learn'd, and then;
 Please thy selfe with them, and the Race of men

(Wilt thou know any) with thy skill endear.)
Who will, (be sure) afford it greedie eare,
And heare it often, if it prove sincere

Take these (O *Maisa's Sonne*) and in thy care,
Be Horse, and Oxen all such Men as are
Patient of labour, Lyons, white-tooth'd Bores;
Mastifs, and flocks, that feede the flowrie shores;
And every foure-foot Beast. all which shall stand,
In awe of thy high Imperatory hand
Be thou to *Dis* too, sole Ambassador;
Who (though all gifts, and bounties he abhor)
On thee he will bestowe, a wealthie One

Thus King *Apollo*, honor'd *Maisa's Sonne*,
With all the rights of friendship all whose love
Had Imposition, from the Will of *Jove*.

And thus, with Gods and Mortalls *Hermes* liv'd,
Who truely helpt but few, but all deceiv'd
With an undifferencing respect, and made
Vaine words, and false perswasions his Trade.
His Deeds, were all associats of the Night,
In which, his close wrongs, car'd for no mans Right.

So all salutes to *Hermes*, that are due,
Of whom, and all Gods, shall my Muse sing true.

A HYMNE TO VENUS

THE FORCE (O MUSE) AND
FUNCTIONS, NOW, UNFOLD,
OF CYPRIAN VENUS, GRAC'T
WITH MINES OF GOLD,
Who, even in Deities, lights Loves sweet desire;
And all Deaths kindes of men, makes kisse her fire.
All Ayres wing'd Nation, all the Belluine,
That or the Earth feedes, or the Seas confine.
To all which appertaine, the love and care
Of well-crown'd *Venus* works Yet three there are,
Whose mindes, she neither can deceive nor move,
Pallas, the seede of *Ægis*-bearing *Jove*,
Who still lives Indevirginate, her eyes
Being blew, and sparkling like the freezing skies
Whom all the Gold of *Venus*, never can
Tempt to affect her facts, with God or Man.
She loving strife, and *Mars*-his working Banes,
Pitcht fields, and fights, and famous Artizanes,
Taught earthie men first, all the Arts that are,
Charriots, and all the frames vehiculare,
Chiefely with brasse, arm'd, & adorn'd for warre. }
Where *Venus*, onely soft-skinnd wenches fills
With wanton House-works, and suggests those skills
Still to their studies Whom *Diana* neither,
That beares the Golden distaff, and together
Calls Horns, and Hollows, and the cries of Houndes;
And ownes the Epithete of loving sounds
For their sakes; springing from such spritely sports,
Can catch with her kinde Lures. But hill resorts

To wilde-Beasts slaughters, accents farr-off heard
Of Harps, and Dances, and of woods unsheard
The sacred shades she loves. yet likes as well
Citties where good men, and their off-spring dwell.
The third, whom her kinde Passions nothing please,
Is Virgine *Vesta*, whom *Saturnides*
Made reverend with his counsailes when his Sire
That advers counsailes agitates, lifes fire
Had kindled in her, being his last begot.
Whom *Neptune* wow'd, to knit with him the knot
Of honord Nuptialls, and *Apollo* too,
Which, with much vehemence, she refus'd to doe,
And sterne Repulses, put upon them both.
Adding to all her vows, the Gods great Oath,
And touching *Joves* chynn, (which must consummate
All vows so bound) that she would hold her state,
And be th'Invincible Maid of Deities
Through all her daies dates For *Saturnides*
Gave her a faire gift, in her Nuptialls stedd,
To sit in midst of his house, and be fedd
With all the free, and richest feast of Heaven
In all the Temples of the Gods being given
The prise of honor. Not a mortall Man,
(That either of the powrs *Olympian*
His half-birth having, may be said to be
A mortall of the Gods, or else that he
(Deities wills doings) is of Deitie)
But gives her honor, of the amplest kinde.
Of all these Three, can *Venus*, not a Minde
Deceive, or set on forces to reflect

Of all powrs els yet, not a sex, nor sect,
 Flies *Venus*, either of the blessed Gods;
 Or Men, confin'de in mortall Periods.
 But even the Minde of *Jove*, she doth seduce,
 That chides with Thunder so, her lawlesse use
 In humane Creatures, and by lot is given
 Of all, most honor, both in Earth, and Heaven.
 And yet even his all-wise, and mightie Minde,
 She, when she lists, can forge affectes to blinde,
 And mixe with mortall Dames, his Deitie
 Conceald, at all parts, from the jelous eye
 Of *Juno*, who was both his sister borne,
 And made his wife, whom beautie did adorne
 Past all the Bevie of immortall Dames,
 And whose so chiefly-glorified Flames
 Crosse-counsailde *Saturne* got, and *Rhæa* bore, }
 And *Joves* pure counsailes, (being Conqueror) }
 His wife made of his sister I, and more,
 Cast such an amorous fire into her minde
 As made her (like him) with the Mortall kinde
 Meete in unmeete bedd, using utmost haste,
 Lest she should know, that he liv'd so unchaste,
 Before her selfe, felt that fault in her heart,
 And gave her tongue, too just edge of Desert
 To tax his lightnes With this End, beside,
 Lest laughter-studying *Venus*, should deride
 The Gods more then the Goddesses, and say
 That shee the Gods commixt in amorous play,
 With mortall Dames, begetting mortall seede

T'Immortall sires, and not make Goddesses breede
 The like with mortall Fathers. But t'acquite
 Both Gods and Goddesses of her despite,
Jove tooke (even in her selfe) on him, her powre,
 And made her with a mortall Paramoure
 Use as deform'd a mixture, as the rest,
 Kindling a kinde affection in her brest
 To God-like-limm'd *Anchises*, as he kept
 On *Idas*-top-on-top-to-heavens-Pole heapt,
 Amongst the manie fountaines there, his Herd,
 For after his brave Person had apper'd
 To her bright eye, her heart flew all on fire,
 And (to amaze) she burn'd in his desire
 Flew strait to *Cyprus*, to her odorous Phane
 And Altars, that the people *Paphiane*
 Advanc't to her Where, (soone as entred) shee
 The shyning gates shut, and the Graces three
 Washt, and with Oiles of everlasting sent,
 Bath'd, as became, her deathlesse lyeament
 Then her Ambrosian Mantle she assum'd,
 With rich and odoriferous Ayres perfum'd,
 Which being put on, and all her Trimmes beside
 Fayre, and with all allurements amplified,
 The All-of-Gold-made-laughter-loving Dame,
 Left odorous *Cyprus*, and for *Troy* became
 A swift Contendresse, her Passe cutting All
 Along the cloudes, and made her instant fall
 On fountfull *Ida*, that her Mother-Brests
 Gives to the Preyfull broode, of savage Beasts

ἀκροπόλος,
 Altissimum
 habens virti-
 cem, cujus
 summitas
 ipsum polum
 attingit

And through the Hill she went, the readie way }
 T' *Anchises* Oxstall, where did fawne and play }
 About her blessed feet, Wolves grislie-gray;
 Terrible Lyons, many a Mankinde Beare,
 And Lybberds swift, insatiate of red Deare.
 Whose sight so pleas'd, that ever as she past
 Through every Beast, a kindly Love she cast:
 That in their Dennes-obscur'd with shadowes deepe,
 Made all, distinguisht, in kinde Couples, sleepe.

And now she reacht the rich Pavilion
 Of the Heroe, In whom heavens had showne
 A fayre and goodly Composition
 And whom she in his Oxstall found, alone,
 His Oxen feeding in fat Pastures, by,
 He walking up, and downe, sounds clere, and hye,
 From his harp striking Then, before him, shee
 Stood like a Virgine, that invincible
 Had borne her beauties, yet alluringly
 Bearing her person, lest his ravisht eye
 Should chance t' affect him, with a stupid feare
Anchises seeing her, all his senses were
 With wonder stricken, and high-taken-heed's
 Both of her forme, brave stature, and rich weedes
 For, for a vaile, she shin'd in an Attire
 That cast a radiance, past the Ray of fire.
 Beneath which, wore she gurt to her, a Gowne
 Wrought all with growing-rose-budds, reaching downe
 T' her slender smalls, which buskinns did divine,
 Such as taught *Thetis* silver Feete to shine.
 Her soft white neck, rich Carquenets embrac't,

Bright, and with gold, in all variety grac't;
That, to her breasts (let downe) lay there and shone,
As at her joyfull full, the rising Moone
Her sight show'd miracles. *Anchises* Heart,
Love tooke into his hand, and made him part
With these high Salutations, Joy, (O Queene?)
Whoever of the Blest, thy beauties beene,
That light these Entries! Or the Deitie
That Darts affecteth, or that gave the eye
Of Heaven, his heat and Luster! Or that moves
The hearts of all, with all-commanding Loves?
Or generous *Themis*? Or the blew-eyd Maid?
Or of the Graces, any that are laid
With all the Gods, in comparable skales?
And whom Fame, up to Immortalitie calles?
Or any of the Nymphs, that unshorne Groves,
Or that this fayre Hill-habitation loves?
Or valleys, flowing with earths fattest Goods?
Or Fountaines, pouring forth, eternall floods?
Say, which, of all thou art, that in some place
Of circular prospect, for thine eyes deare grace
I may an Altar build, and to thy Powres
Make sacred all the yeares devoted Howres,
With consecrations sweet, and oppulent
Assur'd whereof, be thy benigne Minde bent
To these wisht blessings of me, give me parts
Of chiefe attraction in *Trojan* hearts
And after, give me the refulgencie
Of most renownd, and rich Posteritie;
Long, and free life; and Heavens sweet light as long,

The peoples blessings; and a health so strong,
 That no disease, it let my life engage,
 Till th' utmost limit, of a humane Age.

To this, *Joves* seede, this answer gave againe,
Anchises? happiest of the humane straine?
 I am no Goddesses why, a thrall to Death
 Think'st thou like those, that immortality breath?
 A woman brought me forth, my Fathers Name
 Was *Otreus* (If ever his high fame
 Thine eares have witnest) for he governd all
 The *Phrygian* State whose every Towne, a wall
 Impregnable embrac't Your tongue, (you heare)
 I speake so well, that in my naturall spheare
 (As I pretend) It must have taken prime
 A woman likewise, of the *Trojan* clime
 Tooke of me, in her house, the Nurses care
 From my deare Mothers Bosome, and thus are
 My words of equall accent, with your owne
 How, here, I come, (to make the reason knowne)
Argicides, that beares the Golden Rod
 Transferr'd me forcible from my Abode
 Made with the Maiden Traine, of her that joies
 In Golden shafts, and loves so well the noise
 Of Hounds, & Hunters (Heavens pure-living powre)
 Where many a Nymph, and maid of mighty Dowre,
 Chast sports emploid All circl'd with a Crowne
 Of infinite Multitude, to see so showne
 Our maiden Pastimes Yet from all the Fayre
 Of this so forcefull concourse, up in Ayre

The Golden-Rodd-sustaining-*Argus* Guide,
Rapt me in sight of all, and made me ride
Along the Clouds with him, enforcing me
Through many a labour of Mortalitie
Through many an unbuilt Region; and a rude,
Where savage Beasts, devour'd Preys warme, and crude,
And would not let my feares, take one foots tred
On her by whom, are all Lives comforted,
But said, my Maiden State, must grace the Bed
Of King *Anchises* And bring forth to thee
Issue as faire, as of divine Degree
Which said, and showing me thy moving Grace,
Away flew he up, to th'Immortall Race
And thus came I to thee Necessitie
With her steele stings, compelling met' applie
To her high Powre, my will But You must, I
Implore by *Jove* and all the reverence due,
To your deare Parents, who (in bearing you)
Can beare no meane saile, leade me home to them
An untoucht Maid being brought up in th' extreme
Of much too cold simplicitie, to know
The fiery cunnings, that in *Venus* glow
Show me to them then, and thy Brothers borne
I shall appeare none, that, parts disadorne,
But such as well may serve, a Brothers wife,
And show them now, even to my future life,
If such, or no, my Present, will extend
To Horse-Breede-vary'ng *Phrygia*, likewise send
T'Informe my Sire and Mother of my State,

That live for me, extreame disconsolate
Who Gold enough, and well-woven weedes will give
All whose rich Gifts, in my Amends receive.
All this perform'd; adde celebration then
Of honord Nuptialls, that by God and Men
Are held in reverence. All this while she said,
Into his bosome, jointly, she convaيد
The fires of love, when (all enamour'd) He
In these terms answered If Mortalitie
Confine thy Fortunes, and a woman were
Mother to those attractions that appeare
In thy admir'd forme, thy great Father given
High Name of *Otreus*, and the Spie of Heaven
(Immortall *Mercurie*) th' enforce-full cause
That made thee lose the Prize of that applause,
That modestie, immaculate Virgines gives
My wife thou shalt be call'd, through both our lives
Nor shall the powrs of Men, nor Gods withhold
My fiery resolution, to enfold
Thy bosome in mine armes, which here I vow
To firme performance, past delay, and Now
Nor (should *Apollo* with his silver Bow
Shoote me to instant death) would I forbear
To doe a deede, so full of cause so deare
For with a Heaven-sweet woman, I will ly,
Though strait I stoope the house of *Dis*, and die.
This said, he tooke her hand, and she tooke way
With him, her bright eyes casting round, whose stay
She stuck upon a bed, that was before
Made for the King, and wealthe coverings wore.

On which, Beares Hydes, and bigg-voic't Lyons lay, }
 Whose Preyfull lives, the King had made his Prey, }
 Hunting th'Idalian Hills This Bed when they }
 Had both ascended, first he tooke from her
 The fierie weede, that was her utmost weare.
 Unbutto'nd her next rosie Robe, and los'd
 The Gyrdle, that her slender wast enclos'd.
 Unlac't her buskinns, all her Jewellrie
 Tooke from her neck, and brests, and all lay'd by,
 Upon a Golden-studded Chaire of State
 Th'Amaze of all which, being remov'd even Fate,
 And counsaile of the equall Gods gave way
 To this, that with a Deathlesse Goddess lay
 A deathfull Man since, what his love assum'd,
 Not with his conscious knowledge, was presum'd
 Now when the shepherds, and the Herdsmen, all;
 Turnd from their flowrie Pasture, to their Stall,
 With all their Oxen, fat, and frolick sheepe,
Venus, into *Anchises*, cast a sleepe,
 Sweet, and profound, while, with her owne hands now)
 With her rich weeds, she did her selfe indow.
 But so distinguisht, that he clere might know
 His happie Glories, Then (to her desire
 Her heavenly Person, put in Trimms entire)
 Shee by the bed stood, of the well-built Stall,
 Advanc't her head, to State Celestiall,
 And in her cheekes, arose the radiant hew
 Of rich-cround *Venus*, to apparant view.
 And then she rous'd him from his rest, and said,
 Up (my *Dardanides*) forsake thy bed.

What pleasure, late emploid, letts Humor steepe
Thy lidds, in this inexcitable sleepe?
Wake, and now say, If I appeare to thee
Like her, that first, thine eyes conceited me.

This started him from sleepe, though deepe, and deare,
And passing promptlie, he enjoy'd his eare.
But when his eye saw *Venus* neck, and eyes,
Whose beauties could not beare the Counterprise
Of any other downe his owne eyes fell,
Which pallid feare, did from her view repell.
And made him, with a maine respect beside,
Turne his whole person from her state, and hide
(With his rich weede appos'd) his royall face,
These wing'd words using, When, at first, thy Grace,
Mine eyes gave entertainment, well I knew
Thy state was Deified: but thou told'st not true,
And therefore let me pray thee, (by thy Love
Borne to thy Father, *Ægis-bearing Jove*)
That thou wilt never let me live to be
An abject, after so divine degree
Taken in fortune, but take ruth on me.
For any Man that with a Goddess lies,
Of interest in immortalities,
Is never long liv'd. She replied, Forbeare
(O happiest of Mortall Men) this feare
And rest assur'd, that (not for me, at least)
Thy least ills feare fits, no nor for the rest
Of all the Blessed; for thou art their friend,
And so farr from sustaining instant end;
That to thy long-enlarg'd life, there shall spring

Amongst the *Trojans*, a deare Sonne, and King;
 To whom shall many a Sonne, and Sonnes Sonne rise
 In everlasting-great Posterities
 His Name *Æneas* therein keeping life,
 For ever, in my much-concepted griefe;
 That I (immortall) fell into the bed
 Of one whose blood, Mortality must shed.
 But rest thou comforted, and all the Race
 That *Troy* shall propagate, in this high grace,
 That, past all Races else, the Gods stand nere
 Your glorious Nation, for the formes ye beare }
 And Natures so ingenuous, and sincere
 For which, the great in counsailes (*Jupiter*)
 Your Gold-lockt *Ganymedes* did transfer
 (In rapture farr from mens depressed fates)
 To make him Consort with our Deified states,
 And skale the Tops of the *Saturnian* skies,
 He was so meere a Marveile in their eyes
 And therefore from a Bolle of Gold he fills
 Redd *Nectar*, that the rude distension kills
 Of windes that in your humane stomacks breede
 But then did Languor, on the Liver feede
 Of *Tros* (his Father) that was King of *Troy*;
 And ever did his memorie employ
 With losse of his deare bewtie so bereven;
 Though with a sacred whirlewinde, rapt to heaven }
 But *Jove* (in pittie of him) saw him given
 Good compensation, sending by Heavens Spye,
 White-swift-hov'd Horse, that Immortality
 Had made firme spirrited, and had (beside)

ἀλυστος
 Cujus Memoria
 erit perpetua

Hermes to see his Ambassie supplied
With this vow'd Bountie (using all at large
That his unaltered counsailes gave in charge)
That he himselfe, should Immortality breath,
Expert of Age, and Woe, as well as Death.

This Ambassie exprest, he mourn'd no more,
But up, with all his inmost minde he bore;
Joying that he, upon his swift-hov'd Horse,
Should be sustain'd in an eternall course

So did the golden-thron'd *Aurora*, raise
Into her Lap, another that the praise
Of an Immortall fashion, had in Fame,
And of your Nation, bore the Noble Name
(His Title *Tython*) who, not pleas'd with her,
As she his lovely Person, did transfer,
(To satisfie him) she bad aske of *Jove*,
The Gift of an Immortall for her Love
Jove gave, and bound it with his bowed Brow,
Performing to the utmost point, his vow
Foole that she was, that would her love engage,
And not, as long aske, from the Bane of Age,
The sweet exemption, and Youths endlesse flowre.
Of which, as long, as both the grace and powre
His person entertainde, she lov'd the Man,
And (at the fluents of the Ocean
Nere Earths extream bounds) dwelt with him. but when
(According to the course of aged Men)
On his faire head, and honorable Beard,
His first gray hayres, to her light eyes apperd,
She left his bed, yet gave him still, for food

The Gods *Ambrosia*, and attire as good.
Till, even the hate of Age, came on so fast
That not a lyneament of his was grac't
With powre of Motion; nor did still sustaine
(Much lesse) the Vigor had, t' advance a vaine;
The virtue lost, in each exhausted limm,
That, (at his wish) before would answer him,
All Powrs so quite decaid, that when he spake,
His voice, no perceptible accent brake
Her counsaile, then, thought best, to strive no more,
But lay him in his bed, and lock his Dore
Such an Immortall, would not I wish thee,
T' extend all daies so, to Eternitie.
But if, as now, thou couldst performe thy course
In Grace of Forme, and all corporeall force
To an eternall Date, Thou then should'st beare
My Husbands worthie Name, and not a Teare,
Should I neede raine, for thy deserts decline,
From my All-clouded bitternesse of minde
But now, the sterne storme of relentlesse Age
Will quickly circkle thee, that waites t' engage
All Men alike, even Lothsomnesse, and Bane
Attending with it, every humane wane
Which even the Gods hate Such a Penance lies
Impos'd on flesh and bloods infirmities.
Which I my selfe must taste, in great degree,
And date as endlesse, for consorting thee.
All the Immortalls, with my opprobrie
Are full, by this time, on their Hearts so lie,
(Even to the sting of Feare) my cunnings us'd,

And wiving conversations infus'd,
 Into the bosomes of the best of them,
 With women, that the fraile and mortall stream
 Doth daily ravish All this long since done
 Which now, no more but with effusion
 Of teares, I must in Heaven, so much as name:
 I have so forfeited, in this, my Fame,
 And am impos'd, paine of so great a kinde
 For so much erring, from a Goddesse Minde.
 For I have put beneath my Gyrle here,
 A Sonne, whose sire, the humane mortall sphere
 Gives Circumscription But when first the light
 His eyes shall comfort, Nymphs that hant the height, |
 Of Hills, and Brests have, of most deepe receit,
 Shall be his Nurses who inhabit now
 A Hill of so vast, and divine a Brow,
 As Man, nor God, can come at their Retreates.
 Who live long lives, and eat immortall Meates;
 And with Immortalls, in the exercise
 Of comely Dances, dare contend, and rise }
 Into high Question, which deserves the Prise }
 The light *Silent*, mix in love with These,
 And of all Spies, the Prince *Argicides*
 In well-trymmd Caves, their secret meetings made
 And with the lives of these, doth life invade
 Or odorous firre Trees, or high-forheaded Okes,
 Together taking their begetting strokes.
 And have their lives and deaths, of equall Dates,)
 Trees bearing lovely, and Delightsome states;
 Whom Earth first feedes, that Men initiates.

On her high Hills, she doth their states sustaine,
And they, their owne heights, raise as high againe.

Their Growghts together made, Nymphs call their Groves,
Vowd to th'Immortalls services, and loves.

Which mens steeles therefore touch not, but let grow.

But when wise Fates, times for their fadings know,
The faire Trees still, before the faire Nymphs die,
The Bark about them, growne corrupt, and drie,
And all their boughs (falne) yeeld to Earth her right,
And then the Nymphs lives, leave the lovely Light.

And these Nymphs, in their Caves, shall nurse my Son,
Whom (when in him, Youths first grace is begun)

The Nymphs, his Nurses, shall present to thee,

And shew thee what a Birth, thou hast by Me.

And (sure as now I tell thee all these things)

When earth, hath cloth'd her plants, in five faire springs,

My selfe will make returne, to this Retreate,

And bring that Flowre of thy enamour'd heate;

Whom when thou then seest, Joy shall fire thine eyes;

He shall so well Present the Deities.

And then into thine owne care take thy Sonne;

From his calme seat, to windie *Ilion*

Where, if strickt question, be upon thee past,

Asking what Mother, bore beneath her wast

So deare a Sonne, answer, as I afford

Fit admonition, nor forget a word,

They say a Nymph, call'd *Calucopides*,

That is with others, an inhabitresse

On this thy wood-crownd Hill, acknowledges

That she, his life gave. But if thou declare

The Secrets, truth, and art so mad to dare
(In glory of thy fortunes) to approve,
That rich-crownd *Venus*, mixt with thee in love;
Jove (fir'd with my aspersion, so disprede)
Will, with a wreakefull lightning, dart thee dead.

All, now, is told thee, comprehend it All
Be Master of thy selfe, and doe not call
My Name in question, but, with reverence vow
To Deities angers, all the awe, ye owe

This said, shee reacht Heaven, where ayres ever flowe,
And so (O Goddess) ever honor'd be
In thy so Odorous *Cyprian* Emperie,
My Muse, affecting first, thy Fame to raise,
Shall make Transcension now, to others Praise

THE END OF THE FIRST HYMNE TO *VENUS*

TO THE SAME

THE REVEREND RICH-CROWND,
AND FAIRE QUEENE, I SING,
(VENUS) THAT OWES IN FATE
THE FORTRESSING,
Of all Maritimall *Cyprus* Where the force
Of gentle-breathing *Zephire* sterde her Course
Along the waves of the resounding Sea,
While, yet, unborne, in that soft fome she laie
That brought her forth, whom those faire *Howrs* that beare
The Golden-bridles, joyfully stood nere, }
Tooke up into their armes, and put on her }
Weed's of a never-corruptible weare }
On her immortall head, a Crowne they plac't,
Elaborate, and with all the beauties grac't
That Gold could give it Of a weight so great,
That, to impose, and take off, it had set
Three Handles on it, made for endlesse hold,
Of shyning Brasse, and all adorn'd with Gold.
Her soft neck, all with Carquenets was grac't,
That stoop't, and both her silver brests embrac't,
Which even the *Howrs* themselves weare in resort,
To Deities Dances, and her Fathers Court.
Grac't at all parts, they brought to Heaven her graces,
Whose first sight seene, all fell into embraces,
Hugg'd her white hands, saluted, wishing, all,
To weare her Maiden Flowre in festivall
Of sacred *Hymen* and to leade her home.
All, to all admiration, overcome

With *Cytheræa*, with the violet Crowne.

So, to the black-Browd-sweet-spoke, All Renowne,
Prepare my Song, and give me, in the end,
The victory, to whose Palme, all contend.
So shall my Muse, for ever honour thee,
And (for thy sake) thy faire Posteritie.

BACCHUS, OR THE PYRATS

OF *DIONYSUS* (NOBLE *SEMELES*
SON)
I NOW INTEND TO RENDER
MENTION

As on a prominent shore, his person shone,
Like to a Youth, whose flowre was newly blone.
Bright azure Tresses, plaid about his head,
And on his bright brode shoulders, was disprede
A purple Mantle Strait he was descride
By certaine Manly Pyrats, that applide
Their utmost speede to prise him, being aboard
A well-built Barck, about whose brode sides ror'd
The wine-black Tyrrhene Billows Death as black
Brought them upon him, in their future wrack
For soone as they had purchast but his view,
Mutuall signes past them, and ashore they flew
Tooke him, and brought him, instantly aborde,
Soothing their Hopes, to have obtain'd a Horde
Of riches with him, and a *Jove*-kept King
To such a Flowre, must needes be naturall spring
And therefore-strait, strong Fetters they must fetch,
To make him sure But no such strength would stretch,
To his constrain'd Powrs Farr flew all their Bands
From any least force, done his feet, or hands.
But he sate casting smiles, from his black eyes
At all their worst At which Discoveries
Made by the Master he did thus dehort
All his Associats, Wretches? Of what sort,
Hold ye the Person, ye assaie to binde?

Nay, which of all, the Powrefully-divin' de
 Esteeme ye him? whose worth yeelds so much weight
 That, not our well-built Barck, will beare his freight.
 Or *Jove* himselfe he is, Or he that beares
 The silver Bowe, Or *Neptune* Nor appears
 In him the least resemblance of a Man,
 But of a straine, at least *Olympian*.
 Come! Make we quick dismissal of his state,
 And on the black-soild earth, exonerate
 Our sinking vessell, of his Deified Lode
 Nor dare the touch, of an intangible God.
 Lest windes outrageous, and of wrackfull scath,
 And smoking Tempests, blowe his fiery wrath
 This well-spoke Master, the Tall captaine gave
 Hatefull, and horrible language call'd him slave,
 And bad him mark the prosperous gale that blew,
 And how their vessell, with her maine saile, flew
 Bade all take armes, and said, their workes requir' de,)
 The cares of Men, and not of an inspir' de,
 Pure zealous Master His firme hopes being fir' de
 With this Opinion, that they should arive
 In *Aegypt* strait, or *Cyprus*, or where live
 Men whose brave breaths, above the Northwinde blowe,
 Yea, and perhaps beyond their Region too.
 And that he made no doubt, but in the end,
 To make his Prisoner, tell him every friend
 Of all his off-spring. Brothers Wealth, and All;
 Since that Prise, certaine, must some God let fall.

This said, the Mast, and maine-saile, up he drew,
 And in the maine sailes midd' st, a franck Gale blew,

When all his ship tooke arms, to brave their Prise.
 But strait, strange works apperde to all their eyes:
 First, sweete wine, through their swift-black Barcke did flow;
 Of which, the Odors, did, a little, blowe.
 Their fiery spirits, making th' Ayre so fine,
 That, they in flood were there, as well as wine.
 A meere Immortall-making savour rose,
 Which on the Ayre, the Deitie did Impose
 The Sea-Men see'ng All, Admiration seas'd
 Yet instantly, their wonders were encreas'd
 For on the Top saile, there rann, here, and there,
 A Vine that Grapes did, in abundance beare,
 And in an instant, was the ships maine Mast
 With an obscure-greene-Ivies armes embrac't, }
 That florisht strait, and were with Buries grac't, }
 Of which, did Gyrlonds, circle every brow
 Of all the Pirats, and no One knew how.
 Which when they sawe, they made the Master stere
 Out to the shore whom *Bacchus* made forbear,
 With showing more wonders, On the Hatches, He
 Apper'd a terrible Lyon, horrible
 Roring, and in the Mid-deck, a Male Beare,
 Made with a huge Mane making all, for feare
 Crowd to the sterne, about the Master there
 Whose Minde, he still kept, dantlesse, and sincere
 But on the Captaine rusht and rampt, with force
 So rude, and sodaine, that his maine recours
 Was to the Maine-Sea strait and after him,
 Leapt all his Mates, as trusting to their swim,
 To fly foule Death. But so, found what they fled,

Being all to Dolphinns, metamorphosed.
 The Master, he tooke Ruth of, sav'd, and made,
 The blessedst Man, that ever tried his Trade.
 These few words giving him Be confident
 Thou God-inspir'd Pylot! In the Bent
 Of my affection, readie to requite
 Thy late-to-me-intended benefite
 I am the Roring God, of spritely Wine
 Whom *Semele*, (that did, even *Jove* incline,
 To amorous Mixture, and was *Cadmus* care)
 Made issue to the Mighty Thunderar
 And thus, all Excellence of Grace to thee,
 Sonne of sweete-count'nance-cary'ng *Semele* }
 I must not thee forget, in least Degree,
 But pray thy spirit, to render so, my song,
 Sweete, and all waies, in order'd furie, strong.

TO MARS

MARS-MOST-STRONG· GOLD-HELM'D,
 MAKING CHARIOTS CRACK,
 NEVER WITHOUT A SHIELD,
 CAST ON THY BACK

Minde-master, towne-guard, with darts never driven }
 Strong-handed, All armes, fort, and fence of heaven. }

Father of Victory, with faire strokes given

Joint surrogate of Justice, lest she fall,

In unjust strifes, a Tyrant Generall,

Onely of Just Men, justly That dost beare

Fortitud's Scepter To Heavens fiery sphere

Giver of circulare motion betweene

That, and the *Pleiad's* that still wandring bene

Where thy still-vehemently-flaming Horse,

About the third Heaven, make their fiery course.

Helper of Mortalls, Heare! As thy fires give

The faire, and present boldnesses that strive

In Youth for Honor, being the sweete-beamd Light }

That darts into their lives, from all thy Height }

The Fortitudes, and Fortunes, found in fight }

So, would I likewise wish to have the Powre

To keepe off, from my head, thy bitter *Howre*,

And that false fire, cast from my soules lowe kinde,

Stoope to the fit rule, of my highest Minde

Controuling, that so eager sting of wrath,

That styrrs me on still, to that horrid scath

Of warr, that God still sends to wreake his splene,

(Even by whole Tribes) of proud injurious Men.

But O thou ever-blessed! Give me still,

Presence of minde, to put in Act, my will
Varied, as fits, to all Occasion
And to live free, unforc't, unwrought upon,
Beneath those Lawes of Peace, that never are
Affected with Pollutions Populare
Of unjust hurt, or losse to any One,
And to beare safe, the burthen undergone
Of Foes inflexive, and inhumane hates,
Secure from violent, and harmefull Fates

TO DIANA

DIANA PRAISE (MUSE) THAT IN
DARTS DELIGHTS,
LIVES STILL A MAID, & HAD
NUTRITIAL RIGHTS

With her borne-Brother, the farr-shooting Sunn
That doth her all of Gold-made-Chariot runn
In Chace of Game, from *Meles* that abounds
In black-browd Bull-rushes, (and where her Hounds,
She first uncouples, joyning there, her Horse)
Through *Smyrna*, carried in most fiery course
To Grape-rich *Claros* Where (in his rich home,
And constant expectation she will come)
Sits *Phæbus*, that the silver Bowe doth beare,
To meete with *Phæbe*, that doth Darts transferre
As farr as He his shafts As farr then, be
Thy chaste Fame shot (O Queene of Archerie)
Sacring my song, to every Deitie

TO VENUS

TO CYPRIAN VENUS, STILL MY
VERSES VOW.

WHO GIFTS, AS SWEETE
AS HONEY DOTH BESTOW

On all Mortality. That ever smiles,
And rules a face, that all foes reconciles
Ever sustaining in her hand, a Flowre,
That all desire keepes, ever in her Powre

Haile then O Queene of well-built *Salamine*,
And all the state, that *Cyprus* doth confine
Inform me my song, with that celestiall fire,
That in thy beauties, kindles all desire.
So shall my Muse, for ever honour Thee,
And any other, thou commend'st to Me

TO PALLAS

PALLAS MINERVA; ONELY I
BEGINNE
TO GIVE MY SONG; THAT MAKES
WARRS TERRIBLE DINNE:

Is Patronesse of Citties, and with *Mars*
Marshall'd in all the care, and cure of wars:
And in everted Citties, fights, and Cries.
But never doth her selfe, set downe, or rise,
Before a Cittie, but at both times Shee,
All injur'de people, sets on foot, and free.

Give, with thy warrs force, Fortune then to Me;
And with thy Wisedomes force, Felicity.

TO JUNO

SATURNIA, AND HER THRONE
OF GOLD I SING,
THAT WAS OF RHÆA, THE
ETERNALL SPRING,
AndEmpresse of a beautie, never yet
Equall'd in height of Tincture Of the great
Saturnus (breaking Ayre, in awfull Noise,)
The farr-fam'd wife, and sister, whom in joies
Of high *Olympus*, all the blessed Love,
And Honour, equall, with unequall'd *Jove*

TO CERES

THE RICH-HAYR'D, CERES, I
ASSAIE TO SING,
A GODDESSE, IN WHOSE GRACE
THE NATURALL SPRING

Of serious Maiestie it selfe, is seene

And of the wedded, yet in grace stil green,

(*Proserpina*, her Daughter) that displaies

A Beautie, casting every way her Raies

All Honor to thee (Goddesse) keepe this Towne,

And take, thou, chiefe charge of my songs Renoune

TO THE MOTHER OF THE GODS

MOTHER OF ALL, BOTH GODS,
AND MEN, COMMEND
(O MUSE) WHOSE FAIRE FORM
DID FROM JOVE DESCEND,
That doth with Cymball sounds, delight her life,
And tremulous divisions of the Fife
Loves dreadfull Lyons Roes, and Wolves hoarse Howles,
Sylvane Retreats, and Hills, whose hollow knoules,
Raise repercussive soundes about her eares
And so, may, Honour, ever crowne thy yeares,
With All-else Goddesses, and ever be
Exalted in the Muses Harmonie

TO LYON-HEARTED HERCULES

ALLCIDES, (FORCE-FULLEST OF ALL
THE BROODE
OF MEN, ENFORC'T WITH NEEDE
OF EARTHIE FOODE,)

My Muse shal memorise, the son of *Jove*,
Whom, in faire-seated *Thebs* (commixt in love
With great Heavens sable-cloude-assembling state)
Alcmena bore to him And who (in date
Of daies forepast) through all the Sea was sent
And Earths inenarrable Continent,
To Acts, that King *Eurystheus* had decreede
Did many a Petulant, and Imperious Deede
Himselfe, and therefore, suffer'd many a Toile
Yet now inhabites the illustrious Soile
Of white *Olympus*, and Delights his life
With still young *Hebe*, his well-anckled wife
Haile, King, and Sonne of *Jove*, vouchsafe thou Me
Virtue, and her Effect, Felicitie

TO ÆSCULAPIUS

WITH ÆSCULAPIUS, (THE
PHISITION)
THAT CUR'D ALL SICKNESSE
AND WAS PHÆBUS SONNE,
My Muse, makes Entrie, to whose life gave yield
Divine *Coronis*, in the Dotian field,
(King *Phlegrius* Daughter) who, much Joy on Men
Conferd in deare Ease, of their yrkesome Paine
For which, my salutation (worthy King)
And vowes to thee paid, ever when I sing.

TO CASTOR AND POLLUX

CASTOR AND POLLUX, (THE
TYNDARIDES)
SWEETE MUSE ILLUSTRATE,
THAT THEIR ESSENCES
Fetch from the high forms of *Olympian Jove*,
And were the faire fruits of bright *Leda's* Love
Which shee produc't, beneath the sacred shade
Of steepe *Taygetus*, being subdu'd, and made
To serve th' Affections of the Thunderer
And so, all Grace to you, whom all Aver,
(For skill in Horses, and their Manage geven)
To be the bravest Horsemen, under Heaven.

TO MERCURIE

HERMES, I HONOR, (THE
CYLLENIAN SPIE)
KING OF CYLLANIA, AND
OF ARCADIE

With flocks abounding and the Messenger
Of all th'Immortalls, that doth still inferre
Profites of infinite vallow to their store
Whom to *Saturnius*, bashfull *Maia* bore,
Daughter of *Atlas*, and did therefore flie
Of all th'Immortalls, the Societie,
To that darcke Cave, where, in the dead of Night,
Jove joind with her, in Loves divine Delight,
When Golden sleepe, shut *Juno's* jealous eye,
Whose arms had wrists, as white as Ivorie,
From whom, and all, both Men, and Gods beside,
The faire-hayrd Nymph, her scape kept undescride.
Joy to the *Jove*-got then, and *Maia's* Care,
Twixt Men and Gods, the generall Messenger
Giver of good Grace, Gladnesse, and the Flood
Of all that Men, or Gods, account their Good.

TO PAN

SING (MUSE) THIS CHIEFE OF
HERMES LOVE-GOT JOIES,
GOATE-FOOTED, TWO-HORN'D,
AMOROUS OF NOISE

That through the faire-Greenes, al adorn'd with Trees
Together goes, with Nymphs, whose nimble knees,
Can every Dance, foot, That affect to scale
The most inaccessible Tops of all
Uprightest rocks and ever use to call
On *Pan*, the bright-hayr'd God of Pastorall
Who yet, is leane, and lovelesse, and doth owe
By lot, all loftiest Mountaines, crown'd with snowe,
All Tops of Hills, and clifffe Highnesses
All Silvan Copses, and the Fortresses
Of Thorniest Queaches, here and there doth rove
And sometimes, (by allurement of his love,)
Will wade the watrie softnesses Sometimes
(In quite oppos'de *Capriccios*) he climes
The hardest Rocks, and highest every way
Running their Ridges Often will conuaie
Himselfe up to a watch-Towrs Top, where sheepe,
Have their Observance oft through Hills as steepe,
His Gotes he runs upon, and never rests
Then turns he head, and flies on savage Beasts,
Mad of their slaughters So most sharpe an eye
Setting upon them, as his Beames let flie
Through all their thickest Tapistries And then
(When *Hesp'rus* calls to folde, the flocks of Men)
From the greene Clossets, of his loftiest Reedes,

He rushes forth, and Joy, with Song, he feedes.
 When, (under shadow, of their motions, set,)
 He plates a verse forth, so profoundly sweet,
 As not the Bird that in the flowrie Spring
 (Amidds the leaves set) makes the Thickets ring
 Of her sowre sorrowes, sweetened with her song,
 Runns her divisions varied so, and strong
 And then the sweete-voic't Nymphs, that crowne his mountaines,
 (Flockt round about, the deepe-black-watred fountaines,
 Fall in with their Contention of song
 To which, the Echoes, all the Hills along
 Their repercussions add Then here, and there
 (Plac't in the midd'st) the God, the Guide doth beare
 Of all their Dances, winding in, and out
 A *Lynce*s Hide (besprinkled round about
 With blood, cast on his shoulders And thus He
 With well-made songs, maintaines th'alacritie
 Of his free minde, in silken Meddows crownde
 With Hyacynths, and Saffrons, that abound
 In sweete-breath'd Odors that th'unnumber'd grasse
 (Besides their sents) give as through all they passe
 And these, in all their pleasures, ever raise
 The blessed Gods and long *Olympus*, praise
 Like zealous *Hermes*, who (of all) I said
 Most Profits, up, to all the Gods convaide
 Who, likewise, came into th'*Arcadian* state,
 (That's rich in Fountaines, and all celebrate
 For Nurse of flocks) Where, he had vowd a Grove
 (Surnam'd *Cyllenus*) to his God-heads love
 Yet even himselfe (although a God he were

Clad in a squallid sheepskinn) governd there
 A Mortalls sheepe For soft Love, entring him,
 Conformd his state, to his conceived Trimm.
 And made him long, in an extreame degree,
 T' enjoy the fayre-hayrd Virgine *Dryope*
 Which, ere he could, she made him consummate
 The flourishing Rites of *Hymens* honor'd State.
 And brought him, such a peece of Progenie,
 As showd (at first sight) monstrous to the eye,
 Gote-footed, Two-horn'd, full of noise, even Then,
 And (opposite quite to other children)
 Told (in sweete laughter) he ought death no Teare.
 Yet strait his Mother start, and fled, in feare
 The sight of so unsatisfying a Thing,
 In whose face, put forth, such a bristled spring
 Yet the most usefull *Mercurie* embrac't,
 And tooke into his armes, his homely-fac't
 Beyond all measure joyfull with his sight
 And up to heaven with him, made instant flight,
 Wrapt in the warme skinne, of a Mountaine Hare
 Set him by *Jove*, and made most merrie fare
 To all the Deities else, with his Sonnes sight,
 Which, most of all, fill'd *Bacchus* with delight,
 And *Pan* they call'd him, since he brought to All,
 Of Mirth so rare, and full a Festivall


And thus, all honor to the shepherds King
 For Sacrifice to Thee, my Muse shall sing

TO VULCAN

PRAISE *VULCANE*, NOW MUSE,
WHOM FAME GIVES THE PRISE,
FOR DEPTH, & FACTURE, OF
AL FORGED DEVISE;

Who, with the skie-eyd *Pallas*, first did give
Men, rules of buildings, that before did live,
In Caves, and Dennes, and Hills like savage Beasts
But now, by Art-fam'd *Vulcans* Interests
In all their civill Industries, waies cleare
Through th' All-things-bringing-to-their-Ends, (the yeare)
They worke out to their Ages ends, at ease
Lodg'd in safe Roofes, from Winters utmost prease
But *Vulcan*, stand propitious to Me,
Virtue safe, granting, and Felicitie

TO PHŒBUS

PHŒBUS! EVEN THE SWANN
FROM FORTH HER WINGS,
(JUMPING HER PROYNING-
BANCK) THEE SWEETLY SINGS,
By bright *Peneus*, whirlle-pit-making-streames
Thee, that thy Lute, mak'st sound so to thy Beames
Thee, first and last, the sweete-voic't singer, still
Sings, for thy songs-all-songs-transcending skill.
Thy Pleasure then, shall my song still supply:
And so salutes thee, King of Poesie.

TO NEPTUNE

NEPTUNE, THE MIGHTY
MARINE GOD, I SING,
EARTHS MOVER, & THE
FRUITLES OCEANS KING.

That *Helicon*, and th' *Ægan* Deepes dost hold.
O thou Earth-shaker, Thy Command, two-fold
The Gods have sorted, making thee, of Horses
The awfull *Tamer*, and of *Navall* Forces
The sure Preserver Haile (O *Saturns* Birth)
Whose gracefull greene hayre, circkles all the Earth.
Beare a benigne minde, and thy helpfull hand,
Lend All, submitted, to thy drad Command

TO JOVE

JOVE, NOW I SING, THE GREATEST,
AND THE BEST,
OF AL THESE POWRS, THAT
ARE WITH DEITIE BLEST.

That farr-off, doth his dreadfull Voice, diffuse;
And (being King of All) doth all conduce
To all their Ends. Who (shut from all Gods else
With *Themis*, that the lawes of all things tells)
Their fit Composures, to their Times doth call;
Wedds them together, and preserves This All.

Grace then (O farr-heard *Jove*) the grace t'hast geven;
Most glorious, & most great of Earth & Heaven.

TO VESTA

VESTA, THAT (AS A SERVANT)
OVERSEES
KING *PHÆBUS* HALLOWD HOUSE
IN ALL DEGREES

Of Guide about it, on the sacred shore
Of heavenly *Pythos* and hast evermore
Rich balms distilling from thy Odorous hayre,
Grace this House, with thy huswifely repaire
Enter, and bring a Minde that most may move,
Conferring, even the great in counsailes, *Jove* }
And let my verse taste, of your eithers love }

TO THE MUSES AND APOLLO

THE MUSES *JOVE*, AND *PHÆBUS*,
NOW I SING,
FOR FROM THE FARR-OFF-
SHOOTING *PHÆBUS*, SPRING
All Poets, and Musitions, and from *Jove*
Th' Ascents of Kings The Man, the *Muses* love,
Felicities blesses, Elocutions choice
In Syrrup lay'ng, of sweetest breath, his voice
Haile (*Seede of Jove*) my song, your honors, give,
And so, in Mine, shall yours, and others, live.

TO BACCHUS

IVIE-CROWN'D BACCHUS,
ITERATE IN THY PRAISES,
(O MUSE) WHOSE VOICE,
ALL LOFTIEST ECHOES RAISES;
And He with all th' illustrous seede of *Jove*;
Is joinde in honor being the fruite of Love
To him, and *Semele*-the-great-in-graces.
And from the King, his Fathers kinde embraces,
By faire-hayrde Nymphs, was taken to the Dales
Of *Nyssa*, and with curious Festivals
Given his faire Grougt; far from his Fathers view,
In Caves, from whence, eternall Odors flew
And in high number of the Deities plac't,
Yet, when the many-*Hymne*-given God, had past
His Nurses Cares, in Ivies, and in Baies
All over Thicketed, his varied waies
To sylvan Coverts, evermore he tooke
With all his Nurses, whose shrill voices shooke
Thickets, in which, could no footes Entrie fall,
And he himself made Captaine of them All
And so (O Grape-abounding *Bacchus*) be
Ever saluted by my Muse, and Me
Give us to spend with spirit, our *Howres* out here,
And every *Howre*, extend to many a Yeare

TO DIANA

DIANA, (THAT THE GOLDEN
SPYNDLE, MOVES,
AND LOFTIE SOUNDES, AS
WEL AS BACCHUS LOVES,

A bashfull Virgine, and of fearefull hearts
The Death-affecter, with delighted Darts,
By Sire, and Mother, *Phæbus* Sister borne,
Whose Thigh, the Golden Falchion doth adorne)
Ising, who, likewise, over Hills of shade,
And Promontories, that vast windes invade,
(Amorous of Hunting) bends her all-gold Bowe,
And sigh-begetting Arrows doth bestowe,
In fates so dreadfull, that the Hill-Tops quake,
And Bristle woods, their leavie foreheads shake,
Horrors invade Earth, and fishie Seas
Impassiond furies, nothing can appease
The dying Braies of Beasts, and her Delight
In so much Death, affects so with affright,
Even all inanimate natures For while shee
Her sports applies, Their generall Progenie
Shee all waies, turnes upon, to All their Banes
Yet, when her fierie Pleasures finde their wanes,
(Heryeelding Bowe unbent) to th' ample House
(Seated in *Delphos*, rich, and Populous)
Of her deare Brother, her Retreats advance
Where, Th' Instauration of delight some Dance
Amongst the Muses, and the Graces, shee
Gives forme, In which, her selfe the Regencie

(Her unbent Bowe hung up, and casting on
A gracious Robe) assumes, and first sets gone
The Dances Entrée, to which, all send forth
Their heavenly voices, and advance the worth
Of her faire-anckl'd Mother, since, to light
Shee Children brought, the farr most exquisite
In Counsailes, and Performances, of all
The Goddesses, that grace the heavenly Hall
Haile then, *Latona's* faire-hayrd seede, & *Joves*,
My song shall ever, call to Minde your Loves.

TO PALLAS

PALLAS-MINERVA'S DEITIE,
THE RENOWN'D
MY MUSE, IN HER VARIETY,
MUST RESOUND,

Mightie in counsailes, whose Illustrious Eyes,
In all resemblance, represent the skies
A reverend Maid of an inflexible Minde
In Spirit, and Person, strong of Triple kinde,
Fautresse of Citties, that just Lawes maintaine,
Of *Jove*-the-great-in-counsailes, very Braine
Tooke Prime existence his unbounded Brows,
Could not containe her, such impetuous Throw's
Her Birth gave way to, that abroad she flew,
And stood in Gold arm'd, in her Fathers view,
Shaking her sharpe Lance all *Olympus* shooke
So terrible beneath her, that it tooke
Up, in amazes, all the Deities there
All Earth resounded, with vociferous Feare
The Sea was put up, all in purple Waves,
And settld sodainly, her rudest Raves
Hyperions radiant Sonne, his swift-hov'd Steedes,
A mighty Tyme staid, till her arming weedes,
As glorious as the Gods, the blew-eyd Maid
Tooke from her Deathlesse shoulders but then staid
All these distempers, and heavens counsailor, *Jove*,
Rejoic't that all things else, his stay, could move
So I salute thee still, and still in Praise
Thy Fame, and others, shall my Memorie raise

TO VESTA AND MERCURIE

VESTA I SING, WHO, IN
BEQUEST OF FATE,
ART SORTED OUT, AN
EVERLASTING STATE

In all th'Immortals high-built roofes, & all
Those of Earth-dwelling Men As generall
And ancient honors, given thee for thy gift
Of free-liv'd Chastitie, and precious Thrift
Nor can there amongst Mortalls, Banquets be,
In which, both first and last, they give not Thee
Their endlesse Grattitudes, in pourd-out wine,
As gracious sacrifice, to thy divine
And usefull virtues, being invok't by All,
Before the least Taste of their Festivall
In wine or foode, affect their appetites.
And thou, that of th'adorn'd with all Delights,
Art the most usefull Angell borne a God
Of *Jove*, and *Maia*; of Heavens golden Rodd
The sole Sustainer, and hast powre to blesse
With All good, All Men (great *Argicides*)
Inhabit all Good houses, see'ng no wants
Of mutuall mindes love, in Th'inhabitants.
Joine in kinde blessing with the bashfull Maid
And all-lov'd Virgin, *Vesta*; eithers aid
Combin'd in every Hospitable House:

Both being best scene, in all the gracious
House-works of Mortalls Jointly follow then
Even from their youths, the mindes of dames and men.
Haile then, ould Daughter of the oulddest God,
And thou great bearer of Heavens golden Rodd?
Yet not to you, alone, my vowes belong,
Others as well, claime T'Homage of my song

TO EARTH THE MOTHER OF ALL

MOTHER OF ALL THINGS, THE
WELL-FOUNDED EARTH,
MY MUSE SHALL MEMORISE,
WHO AL THE BIRTH

Gives foode, that al her upper regions breede,
All that in her divine diffusions feede
In under Continents All those that live
In all the Seas, and All the ayre doth give
Wing'd expeditions, Of thy bounties eate,
Faire Children, and faire fruites, thy labors sweate,
(O great in reverence) and referd to thee }
For life, and death, is all the Pedigree }
Of Mortall humanes Happie then is He }
Whom the innate Propensions of thy Minde
Stand bent to honor He shall all things finde
In all abundance All his Pastures yield
Herds in all plenties All his roofes are fill'd
With rich possessions He, in all the swaie
Of Lawes best orderd, cuts out his owne way
In Citties shining with delicious Dames,
And takes his choice of all those striving Flames
High happinesse, and riches, (like his Traine)
Follow his Fortunes, with delights that raigne
In all their Princes Glorie invests his Sonnes,
His Daughters, with their croun'd selections
Of all the Cittie, frolick through the Meades,
And every one, her call'd-for Dances treads

Along the soft-flowre of the claver Grasse
All this, with all those, ever comes to passe,
That thy love blesses, Goddess full of grace,
And treasurous Angell t'all the humane Race
Haile then, Great Mother of the Deified kinde,
Wife to the Cope of Starrs? sustaine a Minde
Propitious to me, for my Praise, and give
(Answering my minde) my vows fit Meanes to live

TO THE SUN

THE RADIANT SUNS DIVINE
RENOWNE, DIFFUSE
(JOVES DAUGHTER, GREAT
CALLIOPE MY MUSE)

Whom Ox-ey'd *Euryphaessa* gave Birth,
To the bright seede of starrie Heaven and Earth.
For the farr-fam'd *Hyperion* tooke to Wife
His Sister *Euryphaessa*, that life
Of his high Race, gave, to these lovely Three,
Aurora with the Rosie-wrists, and shee
That ownes th' enamouring tresses (the bright Moone)
Together, with the never-wearied Sunne
Who, (his Horse mounting) gives, both Mortalls light
And all Th' immortalls Even to horror, bright
A blaze burns from his Golden Burgonet
Which to behold, exceeds the sharpest set
Of any eyes intention Beames so cleare
It all waies powres abroad The glorious cheare
Of his farr-shining Face, up to his Crowne,
Casts circular Radiance that comes streaming downe
About his Temples, his bright Cheekes, and all
Retayning the refulgence of their Fall
About his bosome flowes so fine a Weede
As doth the thynnesse of the winde exceede
In rich context beneath whose deepe folds flie
His Masculine Horses, round about the skie,

Till in this Hemisphere, he renders staie
T'his gold-yo'kt Coch, and Coursers: and his way
(Let downe by Heaven) the heavenly Cocheman makes
Downe to the Ocean, where his rest he takes.

My Salutations then, faire King, receive,
And, in propitious returns Relieve
My life with Minde-fit means, & then from Thee
And all the race of compleate Deitie
My song shall celebrate those halfe-God states,
That yet, sad deaths condicion circulates.
And whose brave Acts, the Gods shew men, that they
As brave may ayme at, since they can but die.

TO THE MOONE

THE MOONE, NOW MUSES,
TEACH ME TO RESOUND,
WHOSE WIDE WINGS MEASURE
SUCH A WORLD OF GROUND.

Joves Daughter, deckt with the mellifluous Tongue,
And seene in All, the sacred Art of Song
Whose deathles Brows, when shee from Heaven displaies,
All Earth she wraps up, in her Orient Raies
A Heaven of Ornament in Earth is rais'd,
When her Beames rise The subt'le Ayre is sais'd
Of delicate splendor, from her Crowne of Gold,
And when her silver Bosome is extoll'd,
Washt in the Ocean, In Daies equall'd Noone,
Is Mid-night seated but when shee puts on
Her farr-off-sprinkling-Luster-Evening weedes,
(The Moneth in two cut her high-brested Steedes,
Man'de All with curl'd flames, put in Coch and All,
Her huge Orb fill'd) her whole Trimms Then exhall
Unspeakable splendors, from the glorious skie
And, out of that State, Mortall Men implie
Many Prædictions And, with Her then
(In Love mixt) lay, the King of Gods and Men,
By whom, (made fruitfull) she *Pandæa* bore,
And added her State, to th'immortall Store
Haile, queene, & Goddess, th'ivorie-wristed Moone
Divine, Prompt, faire-hayr'd With thy grace begun
My Muse shall forth, and celebrate the praise
Of Men whose states, the Deities did raise
To Semideities whose deedes t'endlesse Date
Muse-lov'd, and sweete-sung Poets celebrate.

TO CASTOR AND POLLUX

JOVES FAIRE SONNES, FATHER'D
BY TH'OEBALIAN KING,
MUSES-WELL-WORTH-ALL
MENS BEHOLDINGS, SING

The Deare Birth, that Brigh't-Anckl'd *Leda* bore,
Horse-taming *Castor*, and the Conqueror
Of Tooth-tongu'd *Momus* (*Pollux*) whom beneath
Steepe-Browd *Taygetus*, she gave half-God breath,
In Love mixt with the black-cloudes King of heaven
Who, both of Men and ships, (being Tempest driven,
When Winters wrathfull Empire, is in force
Upon th'Implacable Seas) preserve the course
For when the Gusts beginn, (if nere the shore)
The Sea-Men leave their ship, and (evermore
Bearing two milke-white Lambs aboard,) they now
Kill them ashore, and to *Joves* Issue vow,
When, though their ship (in height of all the rore
The windes and waves confound) can live no more,
In all their hopes, then sodainely appeare
Joves saving Sonnes, who both their Bodies beare
Twixt yellowe wings, downe from the sparkling Pole
Who strait, the rage of those rude Winds controle,
And all the high-waves couch into the Brest
Of T'hoarie Seas All which sweete signes of rest
To Sea-Mens labors, their glad soules conceive,
And End to all their yrckesome grievance give
So (once more) to the swift-horse-riding Race
Of Royall *Tyndarus*, eternall Grace.

TO MEN OF HOSPITALITIE

REVERENCE A MAN, WITH
USE PROPITIOUS,
THAT HOSPITABLE RIGHTS
WANTS, AND A HOUSE,
(You of this Cittie, with the seate of State
To Ox-eyd *Juno* vowd) yet situate
Nere *Pluto's* Region At the extreame Base
Of whose so high-hayrd Cittie, from the Race
Of blew-wav'd *Hebrus* lovely Fluent (grac't
With *Joves* begetting) you divine Cups Tast.

CERTAIN EPIGRAMMS
AND OTHER POEMS
OF HOMER

TO CUMA

LEND HOSPITABLE RIGHTS,
AND HOUSE-RESPECT,
YOU THAT THE VIRGINE
WITH THE FAIRE EYS DECKT,
Make Fautresse of your stately-seated Towne.
At foot of *Sardes*, with the high-haired Crowne,
Inhabiting rich *Cuma* where ye Taste
Of *Hermus* heavenly Fluent, all embrac't
By curld-head whyrlpits And whose waters move
From the divine seede, of immortall *Jove*.

IN HIS RETURNE
TO CUMA

SWIFTLIE MY FEETE SUSTAINED
ME TO THE TOWNE,
WHERE MEN INHABIT, WHOM
DUE HONORS CROWNE

Whose Mindes with free-given faculties, are mov'd,
And whose grave Counsailes, best of Best approv'd.

UPON THE SEPULCHER OF
MIDUS, CUT IN BRASSE,
IN THE FIGURE OF
A VIRGINE

A MAID OF BRASSE, I AM,
INFIXED HERE
T'ETERNISE HONEST
MIDUS SEPULCHER

And while the streame, her fluent seede receives,
And steepe trees curl their verdant brows with leaves,
While *Phæbus*, rais'd above the Earth gives sight,
And T'humorous *Moone*, takes Luster from his light,
While floods beare waves, and Seas shall wash the shore,
At this his Sepulcher, whom all deplore,
I'le constantly Abide, All passers by
Informing, *Here, doth Honest Midus Lie*

CUMA REFUSING HIS OFFER T'ETERNISE THEIR STATE, THOUGH BROUGHT THITHER BY THE MUSES

O TO WHAT FATE, HATH FATHER
JOVE GIVEN O'RE
MY FRIENDLES LIFE, BORNE
EVER TO BE PORE?

While in my Infant state, he pleas'd to save Mee,
Milke, on my reverend Mothers knees, he gave Me,
In delicate, and curious Nurserie

Æolian Smyrna, seated neare the Sea,

(Of glorious Empire, and whose bright sides
Sacred *Meletus* silver Current glides)

Being native Seate to me Which (in the force,
Of farr-past Time) the Breakers of wilde Horse,

(*Phriconias* Noble Nation) girt with Towres

Whose Youth in fight, put on with fiery Powres

From hence, (the Muse-maids, *Joves* illustrous seede
Impelling me) I made impetuous speede;

And went with them to *Cuma*, with Intent

T'Eternise all the sacred Continent

And State of *Cuma* They (in proud Ascent)

From off their Bench) refus'd with usage fierce

The sacred voice which I averre, is Verse

Their follies yet, and madnesse borne by Me

Shall by some Powre, be thought on futurely,

To wreake of him whoever, whose tongue sought
With false empaire, my fall. What fate, God brought
Upon my Birth, I'le beare with any paine;
But undeserv'd Defame; unfelt, sustaine
Nor feeles my Person (deare to me, though Pore)
Any great lust, to linger, any more
In *Cuma's* holy Highwaies. but my Minde
(No thought empaired, for cares of any kinde
Borne in my body) rather vowes to trie
The Influence of any other skie,
And spirits of People; bredd in any Land,
Of ne're so slender, and obscure Command

AN ASSAIE OF HIS BEGUNNE ILIADS

ILION, AND ALL, THE BRAVE
HORSE-BREEDING SOILE
(*DARDANIA*) I SING; THAT
MANY A TOILE

Impos'd upon the Mighty Grecian Powrs,
Who were of *Mars*, the manlie Servitours.

TO THESTORS SONNE
INQUISITIVE OF HOMER, ABOUT THE
CAUSES OF THINGS

THESTORIDES? OF ALL THE
SKILLS UNKNOWNNE
TO ERRANT MORTALS, THERE
REMAINS NOT ONE,
Of more inscrutable Affaire, to finde
Than is the true State of a humane Minde

*Homer intimated in this his Answer to Thestorides, A will to
have him learne, The knowledge of himselfe, before hee enquir'd so
curiously the causes of other things And from hence, had the great
Peripatetique (Themistius) his most grave Epiphoneme, Ani-
ma quæ seipsam ignorat, quid sciret ipsa de aliis?
And therefore (according to Aristotle) advises
all Philosophicall Students, to beginne
with that Studie*

TO NEPTUNE

HEARE POWREFUL *NEPTUNE*,
THAT SHAK'ST EARTH IN IRE,
KING OF THE GREAT GREENE,
WHERE DANCE ALL THE QUIRE
Off faire-hayr'd *Helicon*, give prosperous Gales
And good passe, to these Guiders of our sailes
Their Voyage rendring happily directed,
And their Returne, with no ill Fate affected.
Grant, likewise, at rough *Mimas* lowest rootes,
(Whose strength, up to her Tops, prærupt rocks shootes)
My Passage safe arrivall; and that I
My bashfull disposition may applie
To Pious Men, and wreake my selfe upon
The Man whose verball circumvention
In Me, did wrong, t'Hospitious *Joves* whole state,
And T'Hospitable Table violate.

TO THE CITTIE
ERYTHRÆA *

W ORSHIPFULL EARTH; GIVER
OF ALL THINGS GOOD?
GIVER OF, EVEN FELICITIE,
WHOSE FLOOD

The Minde all-over steepes, in honey Dewe
That, to some Men, dost infinite kindenesse shew, }
To others that despise thee, art a Shrew
And giv'st them Gamesters galls, who, once, their Maine
Lost with an ill chance, fare like Abjects slaine

TO MARINERS

YE WAVE-TROD WATERMEN;
AS ILL AS SHEE
THAT ALL THE EARTH IN
INFELICITIE

Of Rapine plunges Who upon your Fare
As sterv'd-like-ravenous, as Cormorants are.

The lives ye leade, (but in the worst Degree)

Not to be envied, more then Misery.

Take shame, and feare the Indignation

Of him that Thunders from the highest Throne

(Hospitious *Jove*) who, at the Back, prepares }

Paines of abhord effect, of him that dares

The Pieties breake, of his Hospitious squares. }

THE PINE

ANY TREE ELSE, BEARES
BETTER FRUIT THEN THEE,
THAT *IDAS* TOPS SUSTAINED,
WHERE EVERY TREE

Beares up in aire, such perspirable Heights,
And in which, Caves, and sinuous Receipts
Creepe in such great abundance For, about
Thy rootes (that ever, all thy Fruites put out
As nourisht by them, equall with thy Fruites)
Poure *Mars* his Iron-Mines their accurst pursuites
So that when any Earth-encroching Man
Of all the Martiall Broode *Cebrenian*,
Plead neede of Iron, They are certaine still,
About thy Rootes, to satiate every Will

TO GLAUCUS:

WHO WAS SO MISERABLE, SPARING,
THAT HE FEARED ALL MENS
ACCESSE TO HIM

GLAUCUS? THOUGH WISE ENOUGH,
YET ONE WORD MORE,
LET MY ADVICE ADD, TO
THY WISEDOMES STORE,
For t'will be better so Before thy Dore
Give still thy Mastifs Meate, that will be sure
To lie there, therefore, still, and not endure
(With way-laid eares) the softest foot can fall,
But Men, and Beasts, make fly Thee and thy stall

AGAINST THE SAMIAN
MINISTRESSE.
OR NUNNE

HEARE ME (O GODDESSE) THAT
INVOKE THINE EARE:
THOU THAT DOST FEED, AND
FORME THE YOUTHFULL YEARE.

And grant that this Dame, may the loves refuse
And Beds of Young Men, and affect to use
Humanes whose Temples, hoary hayres distaine;
Whose Powrs are passing coye, whose Wils would faine.

WRITTEN ON THE COUNSAILE CHAMBER

OF MEN, SONNES ARE THE CROWNES
OF CITTIES TOWRES
OF PASTURES, HORSE, ARE THE
MOST BEWTIOUS FLOWRES
Of Seas, ships are the Grace, and Money still
With Traines, and Titles, doth the Family fill.
But Royall Counsailors, in Counsaile set,
Are Ornaments past All, as clearely great,
As Houses are that shining fires enfolde,
Superior farr, to Houses nak't and colde.

THE FORNACE CALL'D IN TO SING BY POTTERS

IF YE DEALE FREELY (O MY
FIERIE FRIENDS,
AS YE ASSURE) I'LE SING,
AND SERVE YOUR ENDS.

Pallas? Vouchsafe thou here, invok't Accesse;
Impose thy hand upon this Forge, and blesse
All Cups these Artists earne so, that they may
Looke black still with their depth, and every way,
Give all their Vessels a most sacred Sale
Make all well burn'd, and Estimation call
Up to their Prices Let them marcket well,
And, in all high-waies, in abundance sell.
Till Riches to their utmost wish arise,
And as thou mak'st them rich, so make me wise

But if ye now, turne all to Impudence,
And think to pay with lies, my Pacience,
Then will I summon gainst your Fornace, All
Hells harmefull'st spirits, *Maragus*, I'le call,
Sabactes, *Asbett*, and *Omadamus*,
Who, ylls against your Art, Innumeros
Excogitates, supplies, and multiplies.
Come *Pallas* then, and all command to rise.
Infesting Forge, and house with fire, till All
Tumble together, and to Ashes Fall
These Potters selves, dissolv'd in Teares as small.

And as a Horse-cheeke, chides his foming Bit
So let this Fordge, murmure in fire, and flit;
And all this stuffe, to ashie ruines runne
And thou (*O Circe*) Daughter of the Sunne,
Great-many-Poison Mixer, come, and poure
Thy cruell'st Poisons, on this Potters floore,
Shivering their vessells, and themselves affect
With all the Mischiefes possible to direct
Gainst all their Beings, urdg'd by all thy feends
Let *Chiron*, likewise come, and all those friends
(The Centaures) that *Alcides* fingers fled,
And All the rest too, that his hand strooke dead
(Their Ghosts excited,) come and macerate
These Earthen Men, and yet with further Fate
Affect their Fornace, All their teare-burst Eyes
Seeing, and mourning for their Miseries
While I looke On, and laugh their blasted Art,
And them to Ruine Lastly, if, apart,
Any lies lurking, and sees yet, his Face
Into a Cole, let th'angrie fire embrace,
That all may learne by them, in all their lust
To dare Deedes Great, to see them great and Just.

EIRESIONE OR THE OLIVE BRANCH

THE TURRETS OF A MAN OF
INFINITE MIGHT;
OF INFINITE ACTION;
SUBSTANCE INFINITE,

Wee make accesse to; whose whole Being rebounds
From Earth to Heaven; & nought but Blisse resounds.
Give entrie then, ye Dores, more riches yet
Shall enter with me, All the Graces met
In joy of their fruition perfect Peace
Confirming All, All crown'd with such encrease,
That every emptie Vessell in your House
May stand replete, with all thing precious
Elaborate *Ceres*, may your Larders fill
With all deare Delicates, and serve in still
May, for your Sonne, a Wife make wisht approach,
Into your Towrs, and rapt in, in her Coch
With strong-kneed Mules. May yet, her state prove staïd
With honord Huswiferies Her faire hand laïd
To artfull Loomeworks, and her nak't feet treade
The Gumme of Amber, to a Golden Beade

But I'll returne, Returne, and yet not presse
Your bounties now assaid, with oft Accesse,
Once a yeere, onely, as the Swallow prates,
Before the welthie Springs wide open Gates

Meane time I stand at yours nor purpose stay
More time t'entreate. Give, or not give, away
My feet shall beare me, that did never come,
With any thought, to make your House, my Home.

TO
CERTAINE FISHER-BOYES
PLEASING HIM WITH IN-
GENIOUS RIDDLES

YET FROM THE BLOODS, EVEN
OF YOUR-SELFE-LIKE SIRES,
ARE YOU DESCENDED; THAT
COULD MAKE YE HEIRES
To no huge hords of Coine, nor leave ye Able
To feede Flocks of innumerable Rabble.

THE END OF ALL THE ENDLESSE
WORKS OF *HOMER*

THE WORKE THAT I WAS BORNE
TO DOE, IS DONE.
GLORY TO HIM, THAT THE
CONCLUSION

*Makes the beginning of my life, and Never
Let me be said to live, till I live Ever*

*Where's the outliving of my Fortunes then,
Ye errant vapors of Fames Lernean Fenn?
That (like possest stormes) blast all, not in Herde
With your abhorr'd heads who, because casher'de
By Men, for Monsters, thinck Men, Monsters All,
That are not of your pyed Hood, and your Hall
When you are nothing but the scumm of things,
And must be cast off Drones, that have no stings, }
Nor any more soule, then a stone hath wings*

*Avant ye Haggs, your Hates, and Scandalls are,)
The Crownes, and Comforts of a good Mans Care,
By whose impartiall Perpendiculare,
All is extuberance, and excretion All,
That you your Ornaments, and glories call
Your wrie Mouthes censure right? your blister'd Tongues,
That licke but itches? and whose ulcerous Lungs
Come up at all things permanent, and sound?
O you (like flies in Dreggs) in Humors drown'd,
Your loves, like Atoms, lost in gloomie Ayre,
I would not retriue with a wither'd Haire
Hate, and cast still your stings then, for your kisses
Betray but Truth, and your Applaud's, are Hisses
To see our supercilious wizerds frowne,*

*Their faces falne like Foggs, and coming downe,
 Stincking the Sunn out, make me shine the more:
 And like a checkflood, beare above the shore,
 That their prophane Opinions faine would set,
 To what they see not, know not, nor can let
 Yet then, our learn'd Men, with their Torrents come
 Roring from their forc't Hills, all crown'd with fome,
 That one not taught like them, should learne to know
 Their Greeke rootes, & from'thence the Groves that grow,
 Casting such rich shades, from great Homers wings
 That first, and last, command the Muses springs
 Though he's best Scholler, that through paines and vows,
 Made his owne Master onely, all things know's
 Nor pleades my poore skill, forme, or learned Place,
 But dantlesse labor, constant Prayer, and Grace
 And what's all their skill, but vast varied reading?
 As if brode-beaten High-waies had the leading
 To Truths abstract, and narrow Path, and Pit?
 Found in no walke, of any worldly wit
 And without Truth, all's onely sleight of hand,
 Or our Law-learning, in a Forraine Land,
 Embroderie spent on Cobwebs, Braggart show
 Of Men that all things learne, and nothing know
 For Ostentation, humble Truth still flies,
 And all confederate fashionists, defies
 And as some sharpe-browd Doctor, (English borne,)
 In much learn'd Latine Idioms can adorne
 A verse with rare Attractions, yet become
 His English Muse, like an Arachnean Loom,
 Wrought spight of Pallas, and therein bewraies*

More tongue then truth, begs, and adopts his Bayes;
 So Ostentation, bee hee never so
 Larded with labour, to suborne his showe,
 Shall soothe within him, but a bastard soule,
 No more Heaven heyring, then Earths sonne the Moule
 But as in dead Calmes, emptiest smokes arise
 Uncheckt, and free, up, strait into the skies,
 So drousie Peace, that in her humor steepes
 All she affects, lets such rise while she sleepes
 Many, and most Men, have of wealth least store,
 But None the gracious shame that fits the Pore,
 So most learn'd Men, enough are Ignorant,
 But few the grace have, to confesse their want, }
 Till Lives, and Learnings, come concomitant }
 For from Mens knowledges, their Lives-Acts flowe,
 Vaineglorious Acts then, vaine prove all they know
 As Night, the life-enclining starrs, best showes,
 So lives obscure, the starriest soules disclose

For me, let just Men judge by what I show
 In Acts expos'd, how much I erre, or knowe,
 And let not ENVIE, make all worse then nought
 With her meere headstrong, and quite braineles thought.
 Others, for doing nothing, giving All,
 And bounding all worth in her bursten Gall

God and my deare Redeemer, rescue Me
 From Mens immane, and mad Impietie,
 And by my life and soule, (sole knowne to them)
 Make me of Palme, or Yew, an Anadem
 And so, my sole God, the thrice sacred Trine,
 Beare all th' Ascription, of all Me and Mine

SUPPLICO TIBI DOMINE, PATER ET
DUX RATIONIS NOSTRÆ; UT NOS-
TRÆ NOBILITATIS RECORDEMUR,
QUA TU NOS ORNASTI; ET UT TU
nobis presto sis, ut iis qui per sese moventur, ut et a Corpo-
ris contagio, Brutorumque affectuum repurgemur; eosque
superemus, atque regamus, et, sicut decet, pro instrumentis
iis utamur Deinde, ut nobis Adjumento sis, ad accuratam
rationis nostræ correctionem, et conjunctionem cum iis qui
vere sunt, per lucem veritatis Et tertium, Salvatori supplex
oro, ut ab oculis animorum nostrorum, caliginem prorsus
abstergas, ut norimus bene, qui Deus,
aut Mortalis habendus,
AMEN

SINE HONORE VIVAM
NULLOQUE NUMERO ERO



ACHILLES SHIELD

TRANSLATED AS THE OTHER
SEVEN BOOKES OF HOMER,
OUT OF HIS EIGHTEENTH
BOOKE OF ILIADES BY
GEORGE CHAPMAN GENT

OXFORD PRINTED AT THE
SHAKESPEARE HEAD PRESS
AND PUBLISHED FOR THE
PRESS BY BASIL BLACKWELL
MDCCCC XXXI

TO THE MOST HONORED EARLE, EARLE MARSHALL

SPONDANUS, one of the most desertfull Commentars of *Homer*, calls all sorts of all men learned to be judicial beholders of this more then Artificiall and no lesse then *Divine Rapture*, then which nothing can be imagined more full of soule and humane extraction for what is here prefigurde by our miraculous Artist, but the universall world, which being so spacious and almost unmeasurable, one circlet of a Shield representes and imbraceth? In it heaven turnes, the starres shine, the earth is enflowred, the sea swelles and rageth, Citties are built. one in the happinesse and sweetnesse of peace, the other in open warre & the terrors of ambush &c And all these so lively proposde, as not without reason many in times past have believed, that all these things have in them a kind of voluntarie motion even as those Tripods of *Vulcan*, and that *Dedalian Venus* αὐτοκίνητος, nor can I be resolv'd that their opinions be sufficiently refuted by *Aristonicus*, for so are all things here described, by our divinely Poet, as if they consisted not of hard and solid mettals, but of a truely, living, and moving soule The ground of his invention he shews out of *Eustathius* intending by the Orbignitie of the Shield, the roundnesse of the world by the foure mettalles, the foure elementes viz by gold fire by brasse earth for the hardnes by Tinne water, for the softnes, and inclination to fluxure by silver, Aire, for the grosnes & obscuritie of the mettall before it be refind That which he calls ἀντυγα τρίπλακα μαρμαρέην, he understands the Zodiack, which is said to be triple for the latitude it contains, & shining by reason of the perpetual course of the Sun made in that circle, by ἀργύρεον τελαμών the Axletree, about which heaven hath his motion &c. Nor do I deny (saith *Spondanus*) *Eneas* arms to be forg-

ed, with an exceeding height of wit by *Virgil*, but comparde with these of *Homer*, they are nothing And this is it (most honorde) that maketh me thus sodainely translate this Shield of *Achilles*, for since my publication of the other seven bookes, comparison hath beene made betweene *Virgill* and *Homer* who can be comparde in nothing with more decysall & cutting of all argument, then in these two Shielde, and whosoever shall reade *Homer* thoroughly and worthily, will know the question comes from a superficiall and too unripe a reader for *Homers* Poems were writ from a free furie, an absolute & full soule *Virgils* out of a courtly, laborious, and altogether imitatorie spirit nota *Simile* hee hath but is *Homers* not an invention, person, or disposition, but is wholly or originally built upon *Homericall* foundations, and in many places hath the verie wordes *Homer* useth besides, where *Virgill* hath had no more plentifull and liberall a wit, then to frame twelve imperfect bookes of the troubles and travailes of *Æneas* *Homer* hath of as little subject finisht eight & fortie perfect and that the triviall objection may be answerd, that not the number of bookes, but the nature & excellence of the worke commends it All *Homers* bookes are such as have beene presidents ever since of all sortes of Poems imitating none, nor ever worthily imitated of any yet would I not be thought so ill created as to bee a malicious detracter of so admired a Poet as *Virgill*, but a true justifier of *Homer*, who must not bee read for a few lynes with leaves turned over *caprichiously* in dismembred fractions, but throughout, the whole drift, weight & height of his workes set before the apprehensive eyes of his judge The majestie he enthrones and the spirit he infuseth into the scope of his worke so farre outshining *Virgill*, that his skirmishes are but meere scramblings of boyes to *Homers*, the silken body of *Virgils* muse curiously drest in guilt and embrodered silver, but *Homers*

in plain massie and unvalued gold not onely all learning, government, and wisdom being deduc't as from a bottomlesse fountaine from him, but all wit, elegancie, disposition and judgement. Ὅμηρος πρῶτος διδάσκαλος καὶ ἡγεμὼν &c *Homer* (saith *Plato*) was the Prince and maister of all prayes and vertues. the Emperour of wise men an host of men against any depraver in any principle he held All the ancient and lately learned have had him in equall estimation And for anie to be now contrariely affected, it must needs proceed from a meere wantonnesse of witte an Idle unthrifte spirit wilfull because they may choose whether they will think otherwise or not, & have power and fortune enough to livelike true men without truth, or els they must presume of puritanicall inspiration, to have that with delicacie & squemishnes, which others with as good means, ten times more time, and ten thousand times more labour could never conceive But some will convey their imperfections under his Greeke Shield, and from thence bestowe bitter arrowes against the traduction, affirming their want of admiration grows from defect of our language, not able to expresse the coppie and elegancie of the originall but this easie and traditionall pretext hides them not enough for how full of height and roundnesse soever Greeke be above English, yet is there no depth of conceipt triumphing in it, but as in a meere admirer it may bee imagined, so in a sufficient translator it may be exprest And *Homer* that hath his chiefe holinesse of estimation, for matter and instruction, would scorne to have his supream worthinesse glosing in his courtshippe and priviledge of tongue, And if Italian, French & Spanish, have not made it daintie, nor thought it any presumption to turne him into their languages, but a fit and honorable labour, and (in respect of their countries profit and their poesies credit) almost necessarie, what curious, proud,

and poore shamefastnesse should let an English muse to traduce him, when the language she workes withall is more conformable, fluent, and expressive, which I would your Lordship would commaund mee to prove against all our whippers of their owne complement in their countries dialect

O what peevish ingratitude and most unreasonable scorne of ourselves we commit, to bee so extravagant and forreignely witted, to honour and imitate that in a strange tongue, which wee condemne and contemne in our native? for if the substance of the Poets will be exprest and his sentence and sence rendred with truth and elocution, hee that takes judiciall pleasure in him in Greeke, cannot beare so rough a browe to him in English, to entombe his acceptance in austeritie

But thou soule-blind Scalliger, that never hadst any thing but place, time and termes, to paint thy proficiencie in learning, nor ever writest any thing of thine owne impotent braine, but thy onely impalsied diminution of *Homer* (which I may sweare was the absolute inspiration of thine owne ridiculous Genius) never didst thou more palpably damn thy drossy spirit in al thy all-countries-exploded filcheries, which are so grossely illiterate, that no man will vouchsafe their refutation, then in thy sencelesse reprehensions of *Homer*, whose spirit flew as much above thy groveling capacitie, as heaven moves above *Barathrum* but as none will vouchsafe repetition nor answer of thy other unmanly fooleries. no more will I of these, my Epistle being too tedious to your Lo besides, and no mans judgement serving better, (if your high affaires could admit their diligent perusall) then your Lo to refute and reject him But alas *Homer* is not now to bee lift up by my weake arme, more then he is now deprest by more feeble oppositions, if any feeble not their conceptes so ravisht with the eminent

beauties of his ascentiall muse, as the greatest men of all sorts and of all ages have beene. Their most modest course is, (unlesse they will be powerfully insolent) to ascribe the defect to their apprehension, because they read him but sleightly, not in his surmised frugalitie of object, that really and most feastfully powres out himselfe in right divine occasion. But the chiefe and unanswerable meane to his generall and just acceptance, must be your Lo. high and of all men expected president, without which hee must like a poore snayle, pull in his English hornes, that out of all other languages (in regard of the countries affection, and royaltie of his Patrones) hath appeard like an Angell from a clowde, or the world out of Chaos. When no language can make comparison of him with ours if he be worthily converted, wherein before he should have beene borne so lame and defective, as the French mid-wife hath brought him forth, he had never made question how your Lo. would accept him and yet have two of their Kings, embraced him, as a wealthy ornament to their studies, and the main battayle of their armies.

If then your bountie would do me but the grace to conferre my unhappie labours with theirs so successefull & commended (your judgement serving you much better then your leysure & yet your leisure in thinges honourable being to bee inforced by your judgement) no malicious & dishonorable whisperer, that comes armed with an army of authority and state against harmeles & armeles vertue, could wrest your wonted impression so much from it self, to reject (with imitation of tiranous contempt any affection so zealous & able in this kind to honor your estate as mine. Onely kings & princes have been *Homers* Patrones, amongst whom *Ptolomie* wold say, he that had sleight handes to entertayne *Homer*, had as sleight braines to rule his common wealth. And an usuall sever-

itie he used, but a most rationall (how precise and ridiculous soever it may seeme to men made of ridiculous matter) that in reverence of the pietie and perfect humanitie he taught, whosoever writ or committed any proud detraction against *Homer* (as even so much a man wanted not his malicious depravers) hee put him with torments to extreamest death O high and magically rayseed prospect, from whence a true eye may see meanes to the absolute redresse, or much to be wished extenuation, of all the unmanly degeneracies now tyransying amongst us for if that which teacheth happinesse and hath unpainefull corosives in it, (being entertayned and observed) to eat out the hart of that raging ulcer, which like a *Lernean Fen* of corruption furnaceth the universall sighes and complaintes, of this transposed world, were seriously, and as with armed garrisons defended and hartned, that which engenders & disperseth, that wilfull pestilence, would bee purged and extirpate but that which teacheth, being overturned, that which is taught is consequently subject to eversion and if the honour, happinesse and preservation of true humanitie consist in observing the lawes fit for mans dignitie, and that the elaborate prescription of those lawes must of necessitie be authorised, favoured and defended before any observation can succeed is it unreasonable, to punish the contempt of that moving prescription with one mans death, when at the heeles of it followes common neglect of observation, and in the necke of it, an universall ruine? This my Lord I enforce only to interrupt in others that may reade this unsavorie stuffe, the too open mouthd damnation of royall & vertuous *Ptolomies* severitie For to digest, transforme and sweat a mans soule into rules and attractions to societie, such as are fashiond and temperd with her exact and long laborde contention of studie, in which she tosseth with her impertiall dis-

course before her, all cause of fantastick objections & reproofes, and without which she were as wise as the greatest number of detractors that shall presume to censure her, and yet by their flash and insolent castigations to bee sleighted and turnde over their miserably vaine tongues in an instant, is an injurie worthy no lesse penaltie then *Ptolomie* inflicted. To take away the heeles of which running prophanation I hope your Lo. honourable countenance will be as the Unicorns horne, to leade the way to English *Homers* yet poysoned fountaine fortill that favour be vouchsafed, the herde will never drinke, since the venemous galles of some of their fellowes have infected it, whom alas I pittie Thus confidently affirming your name and dignities shall never bee more honored in a poore booke then in English *Homer*, I cease to afflict your Lordshippe with my tedious dedicatories, and to still sacred *Homers* spirit through a language so fitte and so favourles; humbly presenting your Achilleian vertues with *Achilles* Shield, wishing

as it is much more admirable and divine, so it were

as many times more rich, then the Shield

the Cardinall pawnd at

Anwerp

*By him that wisheth all the degrees of
judgement, and honour, to attend
your deserts to the highest,*

GEORGE CHAPMAN

TO THE UNDERSTANDER

YOU are not every bodie, to you (as to one of my very few friends) I may be bold to utter my minde, nor is it more empaire to an honest and absolute mans sufficiencie to have few friends, then to an Homericall Poeme to have few commenders, for neyther doe common dispositions keepe fitte or plausible consort with judicall and simple honestie, nor are idle capacities comprehensible of an elaborate Poeme My Epistle dedicatorie before my seven bookes, is accounted darke and too much laboured for the darkenes there is nothing good or bad, hard or soft, darke or perspicuous but in respect, & in respect of mens light, sleight, or envious perusalles (to whose loose capacities any worke worthily composde is knit with a riddle) & that the stile is materiall flowing, & not ranke, it may perhaps seeme darke, to ranke riders and readers, that have no more soules then burbolts but to your comprehension & in it selfe, I know it is not For the affected labour bestowed in it, I protest two mornings both ended it and the Readers Epistle but the truth is, my desire & strange disposition in all things I write, is to set downe uncommon, and most profitable coherents for the time yet further removed from abhorde affectation, then from the most popular & cold digestion And I ever imagine that as Italian & French Poems to our studious linguistes, win much of their discourtreied affection, as well because the understanding of forreigne tongues is sweete to their apprehension, as that the matter & invention is pleasing, so my farre fetcht, and as it were beyond sea manner of writing, if they would take as much paines for their poore countymen as for a proud stranger when they once understand it, should be much more gracious to their choise conceiptes, then a discourse that fals naked before them, and hath nothing but what mixeth it selfe with ordinarie table talke For my varietie of new wordes, I have none Inckepot I am sure you know, but such as I give passport with such authoritie, so significant and not ill sounding, that if my countrey language were an usurer, or a man of this age speaking it, hee would thanke mee for enriching him: Why alas will my young mayster the reader affect

nothing common, and yet like nothing extraordinarie? Swaggering is a new worde amongst them, and rounde beaded custome gives it priviledge with much imitation, being created as it were by a naturall Prosopopeia without etimologie or derivation, and why may not an elegancie authentically derived, & as I may say of the upper house, bee entertayned as well in their lower consultation with authoritie of Arte, as their owne forgeries lickt up by nature? All tongues have enricht themselves from their originall (onely the Hebrew & Greeke which are not spoken amongst us) with good neighbourly borrowing, and as with infusion of fresh ayre, and nourishment of new blood in their still growing bodies, & why may not ours? Chaucer (by whom we will needes authorise our true english) had more newe wordes for his time then any man needes to devise now And therefore for currant wits to crie from standing braines, like a broode of Frogs from a ditch, to have the ceaselesse flowing river of our tongue turnde into their Frogpoole, is a song farre from their arrogation of sweetnes, & a sin wold soone bring the plague of barbarisme amongst us, which in faith needes not bee hastned with defences of his ignorant furtherers, since it comes with mealemouth'd toleration too savagely upon us To be short, since I had the reward of my labours in their consummation, and the chiefe pleasure of them in mine owne profit, no young prejudicate or castigatorie braine hath reason to thinke I stande trembling under the ayry stroke of his feverie censure, or that I did ever expect any flowing applause from his drie fingers, but the satisfaction and delight that might probably redound to everie true lover of vertue I set in the seat of mine owne profit and contentment, and if there be any one in whome this successe is enflowred, a few sprigges of it shall bee my garland Since then this never equald Poet is to bee understood, and so full of government and direction to all estates, sterne anger and the affrights of warre, bearing the mayne face of his subject, soldiers shall never spende their idle howres more profitablie, then with his studious and industrious perusall, in whose honors his deserts are infinite: Counsellors have never better oracles then his lines. fathers have no morales so profitable for their children, as his

counsails: nor shal they ever give them more bonord injunctions, then to learne Homer without book, that being continually conversant in him, his height may descend to their capacities, and his substance prove their worthiest riches Husbands, wives, lovers, friends, and allies, having in him mirrors for all their duties, all sortes of which concourse and societie in other more happy ages, have in steed of sonnets & lascivious ballades, sung his Iliades Let the length of the verse never discourage your endeavours for talke our quidditicall Italianistes of what proportion soever their strooting lips affect, unlesse it be in these coopplets, into which I have hastely translated this Shield, they shall never doe Homer so much right, in any octaves, canzons, canzonets, or with whatsoever fustian Epigraphes they shall entitle their measures

Onely the extreame false printing troubles my conscience, for feare of your deserved discouragement in the empaire of our Poets sweetnesses, whose generall divinitie of spirit, clad in my willing labours (envious of none nor detracting any)

*I commit to your good nature and
solid capacitie*

ACHILLES SHIELD

BRIGHT FOOTED *THETIS* DID
THE SPHEARE ASPIRE,
(AMONGST TH'IMMORTALS)
OF THE GOD OF FIRE,
Starrie, incorruptible, and had frame
Of ruddie brasse, right shaped by the lame
She found him at his swelling bellowes sweating
And twenty Tripods seriously beating,
To stand and beautifie his royall hall,
For chaires of honour, round about the wall,
And to the feet he fixt of everie one
Wheeles of man-making gold to runne alone
To the Gods Temples, to the which they were
Religious ornaments, when standing there
Till sacrifice were done, they would retyre
To *Vulcans* house, which all eyes did admire
Yet the *Dedalean* handles to hold by
Were unimposde, which straite he did apply
These while he fashiond with miraculous Art,
The fayre white-footed dame appearde apart
To *Charis* with the rich-attired head,
Whose heavenly beauties strowd the nuptiall bed
Of that illustre Smith she tooke her hand
And entertaind her with this kind demand,
What makes the Goddessse with the ample traine,

(Reverend and friendly *Thetis*) entertaine
Conceipt to honour us with her repaire,
That never yet was kind in that affaïre?
But enter further, that so wisht a guest
May be receiv'd with hospitable feast.

Thus led she *Thetis* to a chaire of state,
Rich and exceedingly elaborate,
And set a footstoole at her silver feet;
Then cald her famous Smith, *Vulcan* my sweet,
Thetis in some use needes thy fierie hand
He answerd, *Thetis* hath a strong command
Of all my powers, who gave my life defence,
Cast by my mothers wilfull impudence
Out of *Olimpus*, who would have obscur'd
My native lamenes, then had I endure
Unhelped griefes, if on her shining brest,
Hospitious *Thetis* had not let me rest,
And bright *Eurynome*, my Guardian,
Faïre daughter of the labouring *Ocean*,
With whom nine yeares I wrought up divers thinges,
Buttons and bracelets, whistles, chaines, and rings,
In conclud of a Cave, and over us,
The swelling waves of old *Oceanus*,
With fomie murmure flowd, and not a God,
Nor any mortall knew my close abode,
But *Thetis* and divine *Eurynome*,
Who succord me, and now from gulphy sea
To our steepe house hath *Thetis* made ascent,
To whom requitall more then competent,
It fits me much my safetie should repay,

Charis do thou some sumptuous feast purvay,
Whiles I my ayrie bellowes may lay by,
And all my tooles of heavenly ferrarie.

Thus from his anvile the huge monster rose,
And with distorted knees he limping goes
To a bright chest, of silver Ore composde,
Where all his wonder-working tooles were closde,
And tooke his sighing bellowes from the fire,
Then with a sponge, his breast with hayres like wire,
His brawned necke, his hard handes and his face
He clenste, put on his robe, assumde his mace,
And halted forth, and on his steps attended
Handmaides of gold that with stronge paces wended,
Like dames in flowre of life, in whom were mindes
Furnisht with wisdom, knowing all the kinds
Of the Gods powers, from whom did voyces flie,
In whom were strengthes, and motions voluntary.

These at his elbow ever ministred
And these (drawing after him his legges) he led
To *Thetis* seated in a shining throne,
Whose hand he shooke and askt this question

What wisht occasion brings the seas bright Queen
To *Vulcans* house, that ever yet hath beene
So great a stranger? shew thy reverend will,
Which mine of choyce commands me to fulfill,
If in the reach of all mine Arte it lie,
Or it be possible to satisfie?

Thetis powrd out this sad reply in teares,
O *Vulcan* is there any Goddesse beares
(Of all the deities that decke the skie)

So much of mortall wretchednes as I,
Whom *Jove* past all deprives of heavenly peace?
My selfe of all the blew *Nereides*,
He hath subjected to a mortals bed,
Which I against my will have suffered
To *Peleus* surnamed *Æacides*,
Who in his court lies slaine with the disease
Of wofull age, and now with new infortunes
He all my joyes to discontents importunes
In giving me a sonne, chiefe in renowne
Of all *Heroes*, who hath palme-like growne,
Set in a fruitfull soyle, and when my care
Had nurst him to a forme so singulare,
I sent him in the Grecians crooke-sternd fleete
To *Ilion*, with the swiftnes of his feete,
And dreadfull strength, that his choyce lims indude
To fight against the Trojan fortitude
And him I never shall receyve retirede,
To *Peleus* court, but while he lives inspirde
With humane breath, and sees the Suns cleare light,
He must live sad and moodie as the night
Nor can I cheer him, since his valures price
Resigne by all the Grecians compromise,
Atrides forst into his fortunes part,
For which, Consumption tires uppon his hart
Yet since the Trojans, all the Greekes conclude
Within theyr forte, the Peeres of Greece have sude
With worthynes of gifts and humble prayers,
To winne his hand to harden their affayres
Which he denyde but to appease theyr harmes,

He deckt his dear *Patroclus* in his armes
And sent him with his bandes to those debates:
All day they fought before the Scæan gates
And well might have expugnde, by that black light,
The Ilian Citie, if *Appollo*s spight,
Thirsting the blood of good *Menetius* sonne:
Had not in face of all the fight foredone
His faultlesse life, and authord the renowne
On *Hectors* prowesse, making th' act his owne:
Since therefore, to revenge the timelesse death
Of his true friend, my sonne determineth
T' embroe the field; for want whereof he lies
Buried in dust, and drownde in miseries:
Hereat thy knees I sue, that the short date
Prefixt his life by power of envious fate
Thou wilt with heavenly armes grace and maintaine
Since his are lost with his *Patroclus* slaine.

He answerd, be assurde, nor let the care
Of these desires thy firmest hopes empaire:
Would God as farre from lamentable death,
When heavie fates shall see it with his breath,
I could reserve him, as unequald armes,
Shal be found neere t' avert all instant harmes,
Such armes as all worlds shall for art admire,
That by their eyes their excellence aspire.

This said, the smith did to his bellowes goe,
Set them to fire, and made his Cyclops blow:
Full twentie paire breathd through his furnace holes
All sorts of blastes t' enflame his temperd coles,
Now blusterd hard, and now did contrarise,

As *Vulcan* would, and as his exercise
Might with perfection serve the dames desire.
Hard brasse and tinne he cast into the fire,
High-prised gold and silver, and did set
Within the stocke, an anvile bright and great:
His massie hammer then his right hand held,
His other hand his gasping tongues compeld.

And first he forgde a huge and solid Shield,
Which every way did variant artship yeeld,
Through which he three ambitious circles cast,
Round and refulgent, and without he plac't
A silver handle, fivefold prooffe it was,
And in it many thinges with speciall grace,
And passing arteficiall pompe were graven,
In it was earthes greene globe, the sea and heaven,
Th' unwearied Sunne, the Moone exactly round,
And all the starres with which the skie is crownd,
The *Pleyades*, the *Hyads*, and the force
Of great *Orion*, and the *Beare*, whose course
Turnes her about his Sphere observing him
Surnam'd the Chariot, and doth never swimme
Upon the unmeasur'd Oceans marble face,
Of all the flames that heavens blew vayne enchain.

In it two beautilous Citties he did build
Of divers languag'd men, the one was filld
With sacred nuptialles and with solemne feastes,
And through the streetes the faire officious guests,
Lead from their brydall chambers their faire brides
With golden torches burning by their sides.
Hymens sweet triumphes were abundant there,

Of youthes and damzels dauncing in a Sphere,
Amongst whom masking flutes & harps were heard,
And all the matrones in their dores appearde,
Admiring their enamored braveries,
Amongst the rest busie contention flies
About a slaughter, and to solemne Court
The Cittizens were drawne in thicke resort,
Where two contended for a penaltie
The one due satisfaction did deny,
At th' others hands for slaughter of his friend,
The other did the contrarie defend
At last by arbitration both desire,
To have their long and costly suit expirde,
The friends cast sounds confusde on eyther side,
Whose tumult straight the Herraldes pacifide.

In holy circle and on polisht stones,
The reverend Judges made their sessions,
The voycefull Herralds awfull scepters holding,
And their grave doomes on eyther side unfolding.

In midst two golden talents were proposde
For his rich fee by whom should be disclosde
The most applausive sentence: th' other towne
Two hosts besiege, to have it overthrown,
Or in two parts to share the wealthy spoyle,
And this must all the Cittizens assoyle.
They yeeld to neyther but with close alarme,
To sallies and to ambuscados arme,
Their wives and children on their walles did stand,
With whom and with the old men they were mand.
The other issue, *Mars* and *Pallas* went,

Propitious Captaines to their brave intent.
Both golden did in golden garments shine
Ample and faire, and seemde indeede divine.
The soldiers were in humbler habites deckt.
When they had found a valley most select,
To couch their ambush, (at a rivers brinke
Where all their heards had usuall place to drinke)
There (clad in shining steele) they close did lie,
And set farre off two sentinels to spie,
When all their flocks & crooke-hancht heards came neere
Which soone succeeded, and they followed were
By two poore heardsmen that on bagpipes plaid,
Doubtlesse of any ambuscados laid
The sentinels gave word, and in they flew,
Tooke heards and flockes, and both their keepers slew.
The enemy hearing such a strange uprore
About their cattell; being set before
In solemne counsell, instantly tooke horse,
Pursude and at the flood, with mutuall force,
The conflict joynd, betwixt them flew debate,
Disorderd Tumult, and exitial Fate,
Here was one taken with wounds bleeding greene,
And here one pale, and yeelding, no wound seene.
Another slaine, drawne by the strengthles heeles
From the red slaughter of the ruthles steeles,
And he that slew him on his shoulders wearing
His bloodie weedes as trophies of his daring.
Like men alive they did converse in fight,
And tyrde on death with mutuall appetite.
He carvde besides a soft and fruitfull field,
Brode and thrice new tild in that heavenly shield,

Where many plowmen turnd up here and there
The earth in furrowes, and their soveraigne neere
They striv'd to worke, and every furrow ended
A bowle of sweetest wine hee still extended
To him that first had done; then turnde they hand,
Desirous to dispatch that peece of land,
Deep and new earde, black grew the plow with mould
Which lookt like blackish earth though forgd of gold
And this he did with miracle adorne.
Then made he grow a field of high-sprung corne,
In which did reapers sharpned sickles plie
Others, their handfulles falne confusedly
Laid on the ridge together, others bound
Their gatherd handfulles to sheaves hard and round.
Three binders were appointed for the place,
And at their heeles did children gleane apace,
Whole armefulles to the binders ministring.
Amongst all these all silent stood their king,
Upon a balke, his Scepter in his hand,
Glad at his heart to see his yeeldie land.
The herraldes then the harvest feast prepare,
Beneath an Oke far off, and for their fare,
A mightie Oxe was slaine, and women drest
Store of white cakes, and mixt the labourers feast.
In it besides a vine yee might behold
Loded with grapes, the leaves were all of gold,
The bunches blacke and thicke did through it growe,
And silver props sustainde them from below
About the vine an azure dike was wrought,
And about it a hedge of tinne he brought.
One path went through it, through the which did passe

The vintagers, when ripe their vintage was.
 The virgines then and youthes (childishly wise)
 For the sweet fruit did painted cuppes devise,
 And in a circle bore them dauncing round,
 In midst whereof a boy did sweetly sound
 His silver harpe, and with a piercing voyce,
 Sung a sweete song, when each youth with his choice
 Triumphant over earth, quicke daunces treades.

A heard of Oxen thrusting out their heades
 And bellowing, from their stalles rushing to feed
 Neere a swift flood, raging and crownd with reed,
 In gold and tinne he carved next the vine,
 Foure golden heardsemen following, heard-dogs nine
 Waiting on them, in head of all the heard,
 Two Lyons shooke a Bull, that bellowings rerde
 In desperate horror, and was dragde away
 The dogs and youthes pursude, but their slaine pray,
 The Lions rent out of his spacious hide,
 And in their entrailes did his flesh divide,
 Lapping his sable blood, the men to fight
 Set on their dogges in vaine that durst not byte
 But barckt and backwards flew he forge beside
 In a faire vale, a pasture sweete and wide
 Of white-fleest sheepe, in which he did impresse,
 Sheepcotes, sheepfolds, and coverd cottages.

In this rare Shield the famous *Vulcan* cast
 A dauncing mace, like that in ages past,
 Which in brode *Cnossus* *Dedalus* did dresse
 For *Ariadne* with the golden tresse.

There youthes & maids with beauties past compare
 Daunc' st with commixed palms. the maids did weare

Light silken robes; the youthes in coats were deckt
Embroyderd faire, whose colours did reflect
Glosses like oyle the maides faire cronets wore,
The youthes guilt swords in silver hangers bore,
And these sometimes would in a circle meet,
Exceeding nimblie, and with skilfull feet,
Turning as round as doth a wheele new done,
The wheelewright sitting, trying how t' will runne
Then would they breake the ring, & take their places
As at the first. when troupes pleasse with their graces
Stood looking on, two youths then with a song,
Daunc' st in the midst to please th' admiring throng
About this living shieldes circumference
He wrought the Oceans curled violence,
Arming his worke as with a christall wall
The Targe thus firme and huge, now finisht all
He Curace made that did for light out shine
The blaze of fire, impierceable, divine
A helme fit for his browes, whose loftie crest
Was with a waving Plume of gold imprest
Then shining Greaves he made of brightest brasse,
And when this smith of heaven brought to full passe
This ful of wonder and unmatchedt affaire,
To goddesse *Thetis*, he addrest repaire,
And laid it sounding at her Christall feete,
Which with refreshed mind and countenance sweete
Shee tooke, and like a Haulke, stoopt from the browes
Of steepe *Olimpus*. and the wreakefull vowes,
Of her enraged Sonne shee helpt to pay,
With *Vulcans* armes wrought for eternall day.

TO MY ADMIRERD AND SOULE-LOVED FRIEND

Mayster of all essential and true knowledge,

M. HARRIOTS.

TO YOU WHOSE DEPTH OF SOULE
MEASURES THE HEIGHT,
AND ALL DIMENSIONS OF ALL
WORKES OF WEIGHT,

*Reason being ground, structure and ornament,
To all inventions, grave and permanent,
And your cleare eyes the Spheres where Reason moves,
This Artizan, this God of rationall loves
Blind Homer, in this shield, and in the rest
Of his seven bookes, which my hard hand hath drest,
In rough integuments I send for censure,
That my long time and labours deepe extensure
Spent to conduct him to our envious light,
In your allowance may receive some right
To their endeavours and take vertuous heart
From your applause, crownd with their owne desert
Such crownes suffice the free and royall mind,
But these subjected hangbyes of our kind,
These children that will never stand alone,
But must be nourisht with corruption,
Which are our bodies, that are traitors borne,
To their owne crownes their soules: betraid to scorne,
To gaudie insolence and ignorance:
By their base fleshes frailties, that must daunce,
Prophane attendance at their states and birth,
That are meere servants to this servile earth,*

*These must have other crownes for meedes then merits,
Or sterve themselves, and quench their fierie spirits.
Thus as the soule upon the flesh depends,
Vertue must wait on wealth, we must make friends,
Of the unrighteous Mammon, and our sleights,
Must beare the formes of fooles or Parasites
Rich mine of knowledge, ô that my strange muse
Without this bodies nourishment could use,
Her zealous faculties, onely t'aspire,
Instructive light from your whole Sphere of fire.
But woe is me, what zeale or power soever
My free soule hath, my body will be never
Able t'attend never shal I enjoy,
Th'end of my happles birth never employ
That smotherd fervour that in lothed embers,
Lyes swept from light, and no cleare howre remembers
O had your perfect eye Organs to pierce
Into that Chaos whence this stifled verse
By violence breakes where Gloweworme like doth shine
In nights of sorrow, this hid soule of mine
And how her genuine formes struggle for birth,
Under the clawes of this fowle Panther earth
Then under all those formes you should discerne
My love to you, in my desire to learne
Skill and the love of skill do ever kisse
No band of love so stronge as knowledge is.
Which who is he that may not learne of you,
Whom learning doth with his lights throne endow?
What learned fields pay not their flowers t'adorne
Your odorous wreathe? compact, put on and worne,*

*By apt and Adamantine industrie,
Proposing still demonstrate veritie,
For your great object, farre from plodding gaine,
Or thirst of glorie, when absurd and vayne,
Most students in their whole instruction are,
But in traditions meere particular
Leaning like rotten howses, on out beames,
And with true light fade in themselves like dreames
True learning hath a body absolute,
That in apparant sence it selfe can suite,
Not hid in ayrie termes as if it were
Like spirits fantastike that put men in feare,
And are but bugs form'd in their fowle conceites,
Nor made for sale glas'd with sophistique sleights,
But wrought for all times prooffe, strong to bid prease,
And shiver ignorants like Hercules,
On their owne dunghils, but our formall Clearkes
Blowne for profession, spend their soules in sparkes,
Fram'de of dismembred parts that make most show,
And like to broken limmes of knowledge goe
When thy true wisdom by thy learning wonne
Shall honour learning while there shines a Sunne,
And thine owne name in merite, farre above,
Their Timpanies of state that armes of love,
Fortune or blood shall lift to dignitie,
Whome though you reverence and your emperie,
Of spirit and soule, be servitude they thinke
And but a beame of light broke through a chink
To all their watrish splendor and much more
To the great Sunne, and all thinges they adore,*

*In staring ignorance yet your selfe shall shine
Above all this in knowledge most divine,
And all shall homage to your true-worthowe,
You comprehending all, that all, not you*

*And when thy writings that now errors Night
Chokes earth with mistes, breake forth like easterne light,
Showing to every comprehensive eye,
High sections brawles becalmed by unitie,
Nature made all transparent, and her hart
Gripte in thy hand, crushing digested Art
In flames unmeasurde, measurde out of it,
On whose head for her crowne thy soule shall sitte
Crownd with Heavens inward brightnes shewing cleare,
What true man is, and how like gnats appeare
O fortune-glossed Pompists, and proud Misers,
That are of Arts such impudent despisers,
Then past anticipating doomes and skornes,
Which for selfe grace ech ignorant subornes,
Their glowing and amazed eyes shall see
How short of thy soules strength my weake words be,
And that I do not like our Poets preferre
For profit, praise, and keepe a squeaking stirre
With cald on muses to unchilde their braines
Of winde and vapor lying still in paynes,
Of worthy issue, but as one profest
In nought but truthes deare love the soules true rest*

*Continue then your sweet judiciable kindnesse,
To your true friend, that though this lumpe of blindnes,
This skornefull, this despise, inverted world,
Whose head is furie like with Adders curlde,*

*And all her bulke a poysoned Porcupine,
Her stings and quilles darting at worthes devine,
Keepe under my estate with all contempt,
And make me live even from my selfe exempt,
Yet if you see some gleames of wrastling fire,
Breake from my spirits oppression, shewing desire
To become worthy to pertake your skill,
(Since vertues first and chiefe steppe is to will)
Comfort me with it and prove you affect me,
Though all the rotten spawnne of earth reject me,
For though I now consume in poesie,
Yet Homer being my roote I can not die
But left to use all Poesie in the sight,
Of grave philosophie shew braines too light
To comprehend her depth of misterie,
I vow t'is onely strong necessitie
Governes my paines herein, which yet may use
A mans whole life without the least abuse
And though to rime and give a verse smooth feet,
Uttering to vulgar pallattes passions sweet
Chance often in such weake capriccious spirits,
As in nought else have tollerable merits,
Yet where high Poesies native habite shines,
From whose reflections flow eternall lines.
Philosophy retirde to darkest caves
She can discover and the proud worldes braves
Answer in any thing but impudence,
With circle of her general excellence
For ample instance Homer more then serveth,
And what his grave and learned Muse deserveth,*

*Since it is made a Courtly question now,
His competent and partles judge be you,
If these vaine lines and his deserts arise
To the high serches of your serious eyes
As he is English and I could not chuse
But to your Name this short inscription use,
As well assurde you would approve my payne
In my traduction, and besides this vayne
Excuse my thoughts as bent to others ames
Might my will rule me, and when any flames
Of my prest soule break forth to their own show
Thinke they must hold engraven regard of you
Of you in whom the worth of all the Graces,
Due to the mindes giftes, might embrew the faces
Of such as skorne them, and with tiranous eye
Contemne the sweat of vertuous industrie
But as ill lines new fild with incke undryed,
An empty Pen with their owne stuffe applied
Can blot them out so shall their wealth-burst wombes
Be made with emptie Penne their honours tombes*

FINIS

TO OUR ENGLISH ATHENIA,
CHASTE ARBITRESSE OF VERTUE AND
LEARNING, THE LADIE ARBELLA,
*reviv'd HOMER submits cause of renewing her former conference
with his original spirit, and prayes her judicall
grace to his English Conversion*

WHAT TO THE LEARN'D ATHENIA
CAN BE GIVEN
(AS OFFERING) FITTER, THEN
THIS FOUNT OF LEARNING?
Of Wisedome, Fortitude, all gifts of Heaven?
That by them, doth the height, bredth, depth discerning
Of this divine soule, when of old he liv'd,
(Like his great *Pallas*, leading through his wars)
Her faire hand, through his spirit thus reviv'd,
May lead the Reader, shewe his Commentars,
All that have turnd him into any tongue
And judge if ours reveale not Mysteries,
That others never knew, since never sung,
Not in opinion, but that satisfies.
Grace then (great Lady) his so gracious Muse,
And to his whole worke his whole spirit infuse

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE, AND (BY THE
GREAT ETERNIZER OF VERTUE, SIR P. SIDNEY)
LONG SINCE, ETERNIZ'D, RIGHT VERTUOUS,
THE ACCOMPLISHT LORD WOTTON, &c

YOUR FRIEND (GREAT SYDNEY)
MY LONG HONOR'D LORD,
(SINCE FRIENDSHIP IS THE BOND
OF TWO, IN ONE)

Tels us, that you (his quicke part) doe afforde

Our Land the living minde that in him shone
To whom there never came a richer gift

Then the Soules riches, from men ne're so poore
And that makes me, the soule of *Homer* lift

To your acceptance, since one minde both bore
Our Prince vouchsafes it and of his high Traine

I wish you, with the Noblest of our Time
See here, if Poesie be so slight and vaine

As men esteeme her in our moderne Rime
The great'st, and wisest men that ever were,
Have given her grace and (I hope) you will, here

TO CONCLUDE, AND ACCOMPLISH THE
RIGHT PRINCELY TRaine OF
OUR MOST EXCELLENT PRINCE, HENRIE, &c

*In entertainment of all the vertues brought hither, by the preserver,
Homer, &c His divine worth solicits the right Noble and vertuous Heroe*

THE EARLE OF ARUNDELL, &c

THE END CROWNES ALL AND
THEREFORE THOUGH IT CHANCE,
THAT HERE, YOUR HONOR'D
NAME BE USDE THE LAST,

Whose worth all Right should (with the first) advance,

Great Earle, esteeme it, as of purpose past
Vertue had never her due place in earth,

Nor stands shee upon Forme, for that will fade
Her sacred substance (grafted in your birth)

Is that, for which she calls you to her aide
Nor could she but observe you with the best

Of this Heroicall, and Princely Traine,
All following her great Patron to the Feast

Of *Homers* soule, inviting none in vaine

Sit then, Great Earle, and feast your soule, with his

Whose food, is knowledge, and whose knowledge, blisse

*Subscrib'd by the most true observant of
all your Heroicall vertues,*

GEO CHAPMAN

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

CHAPMAN'S first 'assaye of Poesies greeke *Nectar*' was published in 1598 with the following title-page [Device] | SEAVEN BOOKES | OF THE *ILLADES* OF | HOMERE, PRINCE | OF POETS, | ¶ *Translated according to the Greeke, in iudgement* | of his best Commentaries | by | George Chapman Gent | Scribendi recte, sapere est & principium & fons | [Device of a clenched hand surrounded by the words EX AVARITIA BELLUM] | LONDON | Printed by Iohn Windet, and are to be solde at the signe of | the Crosse-keys, neare *Paules wharffe* | 1598

The volume is a poorly printed quarto containing an 'Epistle Dedicatorie' 'To the most honored now living Instance of the Achilleian vertues the Earle of Essex, Earle Marshall &c', an introductory note 'To the Reader,' and 135 pages of text, written in rhymed couplets, with lines of fourteen syllables. The 'Seaven Iliades' are Books I and II and Books VII to XI of the *Iliad*, numbered consecutively. In his note 'To the Reader' Chapman writes 'When my disorder is seene, that fower bookes are skipped (as a man would say) and yet the Poem continued according to the Greeke alphabet then comes my knowne condemnation' and he defends the arrangement on the ground that 'the bookes were not set together by Homer himselfe as an entire Poeme,' but 'his verses were sung dissevered into many workes', and he adds 'in the next edition when they come out by the dosen, I will reserve the ancient and common received forme in the meane time do me the encouragement to confer that which I have translated with the same in Homer, and according to the worth of that, let this first edition passe peruse the pamphlet of errors in the impression . and in purchase of the whole seaven, if you be

quicke and acceptive, you shall in the next edition have the life of Homer, a table, a prettie comment, true printing, the due praise of your mother tongue above all others, for Poesie and such demonstrative prooffe of our english wits above beyond sea-muses (if we would use them) that a proficient wit should be the better to heare it'

'The next edition when they come out by the dosen' was, however, preceded by ACHILLES | SHIELD | Translated as the other seven Bookes | of Homer, out of his eighteenth | booke of Iliades | By George Chapman Gent | [Device as above] | LONDON | Imprinted by Iohn Windet, and are to be sold | at Paules Wharfe, at the signe of the | Crosse Keyes. | 1598

In 'The Epistle Dedicatorie'—again to the 'most honored Earle, Earle Marshall'—Chapman explains why 'I have hastely translated this Shield' 'And this is it (most honorde) that maketh me thus sodainely translate this Shield of Achilles, for since my publication of the other seven bookes, comparision hath beene made betweene Virgill and Homer who can be comparde in nothing with more decysall & cutting of all argument, then in these two Shieldes, . yet would I not be thought so ill created as to bee a malicious detracter of so admired a Poetas Virgill, but a true justifier of Homer.'

In the interesting preface 'To the understander' he defends himself against a charge of obscurity in the previous volume. 'My Epistle dedicatorie before my seven bookes, is accounted darke and too much laboured . . it may perhaps seeme darke, to ranke riders or readers, that have no more soules then burbolts but to your comprehension & in it selfe, I know it is not For the affected labour bestowed in it, I protest two morninges both ended it and the Readers Epistle'. and as in the 'Seaven Iliades' he again apolo-

gises for the typography—'Onely the extreame false printing troubles my conscience'

'Achilles Shield' is written in rhymed decasyllabic couplets as distinct from the fourteen syllable metre of the previous volume. This small and rare quarto is reprinted in the fifth volume of the present edition from the copy in the British Museum (Press Mark C 39, d 54)

The next volume, a small folio, appeared undated, but Richard Hooper, in his valuable and scholarly edition of Chapman's Homeric translations, has shown that it was probably published in 1609. The engraved title is by William Hole, and runs as follows
HOMER | Prince of Poets | *Translated accord-* | *ing to the Greeke,* | *in*
twelve Bookes of | *his Iliads,* | *By* | *Geo Chapman* | *Qui Nil molitur* | *Inepitè* |
At London printed for Samuel Macham Will Hole sculp

The volume contains 'The Epistle Dedicatorie TO THE HIGH BORNE PRINCE OF MEN, HENRIE', the poem 'To the Reader', and, on an inserted leaf the position of which varies in different copies, the sonnet 'To the sacred Fountaine of Princes ANNE, Queene of England'. All these are repeated in the next, and reprinted in the present edition. The text occupies 198 pages, misnumbered 118 in the original. The volume ends with 14 sonnets, two of which were omitted and one re-written in the next edition, the rest being repeated. These three sonnets are reprinted in Volume V, pages 190-192 of the present edition. The text is substantially the same as that of the 'Seaven Iliades,' but it was considerably revised in certain parts, especially in the first, second and ninth (= fifth) books, several long passages being entirely re-written. The poem 'To the Reader' contains the promised 'due praise of your mother tongue above all others, for Poesie' and a defence of the fourteen-syllable metre, 'For, this long Poeme asks this length of

verse', but 'the life of Homer' and 'a prettie comment' did not appear until the next edition

Chapman's complete version of the *Iliad* was published in folio without date, probably in 1611. The title-page of the 1609 folio was re-engraved on a larger scale and with many minor differences, but with essentially the same design. It reads as follows: THE ILIADS OF | HOMER | Prince of Poets | *Never before in any lan- | guag truely translated | With | a comment uppon some of his chiefe | places, | Donne according to the Greeke | By Geo Chapman | At London printed for Nathaniell Butter | William Hole sculp*

The preliminary material of the 1609 folio was reprinted with slight variations in spelling and punctuation, while 'AN ANAGRAM OF THE NAME OF OUR DRAD PRINCE' and the prose 'PREFACE TO THE READER' were added, together with a list of '*Faults escaped*' which refer only to the last twelve books and are incorporated in the text of the present edition. Though it is not so stated on the title-page, there is no doubt that the volume was printed by Richard Field: it is a well printed book with very few typographical errors.

In the Commentary on Book I Chapman explains his treatment of the text: '*This first and second booke, I have wholly translated againe, the seventh, eighth, ninth, and tenth bookes, deferring still imperfect, being all Englished so long since, and my late hand (overcome with labour) not yet rested enough to refine them*'. In fact, however, the re-translation does not extend beyond the middle of the second book, as 'The Catalogue of the Grecian ships and Captaines' (Vol. I, page 40, in the present edition) and the remaining pages of that book are little altered from the version of 1609.

There are not many important variations in Books III–VI or XI–XII, some misprints are corrected, four lines are added in

Book III, and in Book VI, eight lines are re-written and compressed into six, but though there are numerous minor alterations the two versions remain substantially the same. There are, however, a few passages, such as the simile of the bees in Volume I, page 29, in the present edition, of which Chapman has left three distinct translations in the three versions of 1598, 1609 and 1611. Chapman writes of the remaining books, which appear for the first time in this volume 'lesse then fifteene weekes was the time, in which all the last twelve books were entirely new translated', and he adds 'after these Iliads, I will (God lending me life and any meanest meanes) with more labour then I have lost here, and all uncheckt alacritie, dive through his Odyssees'

The first twelve books of the Odyssey were published, probably in 1614, in a folio volume with an engraved title-page of a different design from that of the Iliads. *HOMER'S ODYSSEES* | *Translated according to y^e Greeke* | *By Geo Chapman* | *At mihi q^d vivo detraxerit Invida Turba* | *Post obitum duplici fœnore reddet Honos* | *Imprinted at London by* | *Rich Field, for Nath-aniell Butter*

The volume contains an Epistle Dedicatorie 'TO THE MOST NOBLE, NOW LIVING RESTORER OF THE ULYSSEAN TEMPER ROBERT, Earle of Somerset, Lord Chamberlaine, &c.' The text, which is written in rhymed decasyllabic couplets, occupies pages 1-193 recto, the verso being blank.

The following entry appears in the Stationers' Registers (Arber's transcript) for November 2nd, 1614

Nathanael Butter Entred for his Coppie under the handes of master SANFORD and both the Wardens HOMERS *Odisses* 24 bookes translated by GEORGE CHAPMAN vj^d

The volume was probably published in 1615, but no separate copy of it seems to be known.

At last the complete Iliad and Odyssey appeared in one volume.

It was probably published in 1616, and it is from this volume that the present edition has been reprinted, from a copy in the possession of the publishers. This combined volume is not a new edition but consists of the sheets of the complete *Iliad* (1611) bound up with those of the twelve books of the *Odyssey* (1614) and the last twelve books (1615), the introductory sentences of the *Epistle Dedicatorie* in the volume of 1614 alone being altered. The signatures and pagination of the *Odyssey* therefore are not continuous with those of the *Iliad*, but start afresh, though there is no separate title-page. The two volumes of the *Odyssey*, however, are paged consecutively, the blank page [194 verso] facing 195 (signature S) in some copies, though in others there is a blank leaf between them. The engraved title of the complete *Iliad* is used again in this volume, with the wording in the central panel altered to read as follows

THE | WHOLE WORKS | OF | HOMER, | PRINCE OF
POETTS | In his *Iliads*, and | *Odysses* | *Translated according to the*
Greeke, | By | Geo Chapman | De *Ili* et *Odiss* | *Omnia ab his, et in his*
sunt omnia | *sive beati* | *Te decor eloqui, seu rerum pondera* | *tangunt* Angel
Pol | *At London printed for Nathaniell Butter* | *William Hole sculp.*

A portrait of Chapman, dated 1616, is added on the verso of the title-page. It has been freely rendered by John Farleigh in the wood-engraving which makes the frontispiece to the present edition. Facing the portrait is the engraving 'To the Imortall Memorie, of the Incomparable Heroe, HENRYE Prince of Wales,' which has also been adapted by Mr Farleigh for the present edition.

The last of Chapman's Homeric translations was published without date, possibly in 1624, with the following engraved title-page

the | CROWNE of all HOMERS WORKES | Batrachomyomachia |
 Or the Battaille of Frogs and Mice | His Hymn's—and—Epigrams |
 Translated according to y^e Originall | By George Chapman | *Conscium*
evasi diem | [Portrait of Chapman] | *Will Pass fecit* | London, Prin-
 ted by Iohn Bill, his MAIESTIES Printer

The text of the present edition has been treated as follows: the contemporary use of the long s, of i and j, u and v has been modernized, contractions have been expanded, a few misprints corrected, and Greek accents, which were frequently omitted, have been added where necessary: otherwise the original has been followed as accurately as possible. The *Iliad* has been set from the edition of 1616 and collated with that of 1611, the versions of 1609 and 1598 being also consulted, in a few cases the reading of one of the earlier editions has been adopted. The *Odyssey* was set from the 1616 edition, and the first twelve books have been collated with that of 1614. There is another edition of the *Iliad* (called by Hooper the 'second folio') which is sometimes bound up with copies of the complete *Odyssey*. It is probably later in date than that printed by Field and has not been used for the text of the present edition, though it has been consulted occasionally on doubtful textual points.

THIS THE FIFTH AND LAST VOLUME OF
THE WORKS OF HOMER TRANSLATED
BY GEORGE CHAPMAN, CONTAINING
THE CROWNE OF ALL HOMERS WORKES
BATRACHOMYOMACHIA HIS HYMNS, AND
EPIGRAMS AND ACHILLES SHIELD, WITH
WOOD-ENGRAVINGS BY JOHN FARLEIGH
WAS PRINTED AT THE SHAKESPEARE HEAD
PRESS SAINT ALDATES OXFORD
FROM THE TEXT PREPARED
BY A·S MOTT M A

XXIII DECEMBER MCMXXXI

